Liberty

MARCH 6, 194
10¢

Beginning
A New Fictio
Serial of Lif
in the WAFS

LIBERTY

LADY
WITH WINGS
by
OSCAR SCHISGAL

LIBERTY

Book: IN NO
MAN'S HAT
An original book
length mystery

LIBERTY

Pro and Con
SHOULD THE
U.S. POLICE
THE WORLD?

LIBERTY

ACTION IN
MOROCCO
With the U.S.
Navy in Comba

LIBERTY

IS OUR
CONSTITUTIO
OBSOLETE? b

"I'm going to shock you!"

"Because I'm going to hit right from the shoulder, starting now.

"Out there, our boys are fighting, and they're falling. Not one or two at a time, picked off by a nice clean bullet. But fifty at a time in the roaring, flaming hell of a shell burst.

"Out there, they aren't walking around in clean white uniforms on neat decks. They're running and slipping around on the bloody heaving flanks of a carrier foundering in a sea of oil with her guts torn out.

"They're not lying in cool, immaculate hospital beds with pretty nurses to hold their hands. They're flat on their backs on cold steel taking a smoke and waiting for a doctor to get through with the *seriously* wounded.

"Out there, they're fighting and they're falling but they're winning! And get this straight —they're not complaining. But I want you to know what they're up against. I want you to know they look to you to give them in *your* way the same full measure of help and devotion they get unasked from their own shipmates.

"And you *can* help them—by giving generously to the Red Cross.

"If you had seen the faces of men pulled naked from the sea as they received kit bags and cigarettes handed out on the spot by Red Cross Field Directors—you'd know what I mean!"

* * *

On every front the Red Cross presses forward. Each day, the need increases for your support.

Your Chapter is raising its Second War Fund in March. Give more this year—give double if you can.

THE RECORD SINCE PEARL HARBOR

For the Armed Forces—More than one million and a half service men have received, through the Field Staff, practical help in personal problems. The Red Cross is with them in training and at the front. For morale and recreation, over one hundred Red Cross Clubs have been established for overseas troops. There are more than five thousand workers in the field.

Civilian Relief—About sixty million dollars in war relief has been administered in every allied country. Food, clothing, medicinal supplies have gone to Great Britain, Russia, China, Africa, for Polish and Greek refugees, and many others.

Thousands of packages to prisoners of war have been safely delivered through cooperation with the International Red Cross in Switzerland.

The Home Front—Training our people to meet the needs of war. Millions of First Aid Courses. Hundreds of thousands trained in Home Nursing and Nutrition Courses. Thousands enlisted as Nurses' Aides and in Motor and Canteen and Staff Assistant Corps.

More than one million and a half blood donations through Red Cross collection centers and the distribution of the life saving Plasma wherever needed.

Chapter Production rooms from coast-to-coast providing surgical dressings for the wounded, kit bags for the fighters and tons of clothing for relief.

The Red Cross record in this war is one that we Americans may well be proud of—and support.

Your Dollars help make possible the

AMERICAN RED CROSS

This space contributed by the Publisher

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

JOEL
means
"he who commands"

SIMON
means
"hearing and obeying"

MEREDITH
means
"an admiral"

UNDINE
means
"of the waves"

HECTOR
means
"an anchor"

ETHYL
is a trade mark name

IT STANDS for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

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The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

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A big, new feature has been added to Liberty . . . it contains, each week, an abridged version of an important and popular book as well as a full menu of serial and short stories, articles, departments and cartoons.

During the coming year 52 of the books you want to, and should, read will appear in Liberty's quick, easy-to-read version. Bought at bookstores, these books would cost you from $2.50 to $5.00 each. In Liberty, they are *free* as part of a big magazine.

Since Liberty began to carry these books, the demand for copies on the newsstands has been growing fast. Many readers report they find their newsdealers sold out. Distribution is being increased but wartime shipping is uncertain. However, the U. S. Mail always gets through on time.

Week by week on the newsstands, Liberty costs 10¢ per copy or $5.20 a year. Delivered by mail, it costs only $3.50—a saving of $1.70.

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COVER: SERGEANT G. C. SWEET

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Announces

A NEW, NATION-WIDE CONSERVATION SERVICE

TO MAKE this new service available quickly, AC has placed trained men in the field to carry to all service organizations the latest and best methods of diagnosing trouble, testing, adjusting, and repairing AC products with a minimum of parts replacement. This will help to conserve material and shorten the time required for repairs.

For Your Car or Truck

Your car or truck is equipped with from one to nine of these AC devices. All are *important* to the conservation of your gasoline, oil, and tires. Some of them are so indispensable that, if they fail, you cannot drive at all.

For Yourself—and America

A list of the products covered by this new, wartime service; and a brief statement of what they require, and why; are given below on this page. For your own good, and for the conservation of America's gas, oil, and tires, follow the suggestions given.

This new service will save time on repairs, and conserve vital materials on all nine of these AC products—

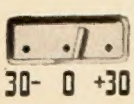
SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in every ten. They also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months because they get dirty faster with slow driving.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner restricts the flow of air into the carburetor. This reduces gasoline economy, increases gas consumption. So, to maintain gas economy and to protect your engine against dust, have your air cleaner rinsed every time your car is lubricated.

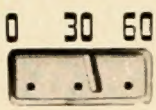
FUEL PUMPS—Fuel pumps are practically trouble free. However, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving greatly accelerates the formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings which will cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

SPEEDOMETERS—Speedometers, too, are very reliable and seldom give trouble. But, today, it is absolutely necessary to keep them in good condition.

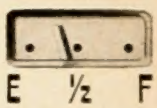


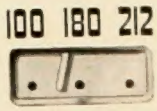
AMMETERS—Your ammeter is very reliable and seldom requires service, but it must be kept in good condition because it is the telltale which shows whether the battery is being charged or drained.



OIL PRESSURE GAUGES—If your oil pressure gauge stops functioning, SWITCH OFF YOUR ENGINE and call a competent service man at once, or the engine may be seriously damaged. The gauge, often, is not at fault. Usually, the trouble is in the oil supply system.

GASOLINE GAUGES—Gas gauges need to be kept in reliable condition, although they seldom need service.





TEMPERATURE GAUGES—Your temperature gauge is your only indicator of engine heat. Although very reliable, it should be kept in condition. An overheated engine can suffer expensive damage and waste anti-freeze.

☆ AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION — GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION ☆

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

BECKLEY DOES ITS BIT

BECKLEY, W. VA.—In January 30 Liberty there is an article, Portland: Ace Host to Fighting Men. From it I quote: "This 'giveaway' game is Portland's alone."

In our town we have practically the same thing, only on a much smaller scale, of course. Our men's and women's organizations have combined and rented a building which has been furnished by donations from the townspeople themselves. Each women's organization has a day a month on which it donates all the food for that day, prepares it, serves it, and does all the cleaning. Just a couple of weeks ago we obtained a small building and put it on the lot next to the bus terminal, so that the boys can eat right there with no waste of time. The boys are fed till they are full, given their choice of cigarettes, and sent on their way.

Everything is donated, including the services of the workers.—*Mary Davis.*

WANT DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

BELLE FOURCHE, S. D.—I wear cotton hose, slice my own bread, have restricted use of coffee and sugar, and have given up my favorite recreation without a whimper. I can see reason for this civilian denial. If the boys in service need it, they may have *all* of my sugar, coffee, gas, silk, etc.

But I'll have to be shown some benefit to the war effort in taking from me my most restful slumber hour, making me arise in the darkness, burn an hour's gas and electricity, make my way through dark streets to the shop, there again burning an extra hour's electricity and gas.

Where I reside, four lights burn that extra hour. Nice for the electric-light company but hard on the customers. At the shop five lights burn an hour before it is light enough to work without them. Seems to me this conservation of electricity is just one big waste!

I'm glad to say that some of the business men in this town have started conserving for themselves and open their shops at nine. Some country schools are opening at ten. But why mess things all up? There! I feel better—until tomorrow morning.—*L. P.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—Right now my greatest peeve is this Daylight Expense Time. I am an office worker, and never before have I had to get up in the dark, eat in the dark, and go to work in the dark. When I get home in the evening it is dark also. So where do I save?

I see little tots leaving for school in the dark. Is that contributing to their health?

I certainly would like to know if there is any one, outside the bureaucrats in Washington, who is in favor of Daylight Time except in the summer.—*N. P. Widing.*

YOU TELL 'EM, GIRLS!

ELLSINORE, MO.—Gosh whizzle! No articles need to be published telling *me* to become interested in outdoor sports. I am nuts about outdoor life. Maybe I am not classed as a woman because I am only seventeen, but I want to inform "Rus" (January 30 Vox Pop) that I love riding through the woods, tennis, hiking, motorboating, fishing, swimming, etc. No, I didn't say I was an expert at any of the above.

I'm from the Ozarks, and without all these things I would feel like a captured puppy.—*Ada May Sparks.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Rus Sakkers must not have looked hard for outdoor women! I, for one, love the out-of-door life. I hunt and fish with my husband—even coon hunting *and* duck hunting. I know most of the birds, trees, animals, flowers, weeds, mushrooms, and berries of this vicinity.

Not only that. I can go out and tramp in the snow all day, carry my share of the game, and then come home and have a good meal (including hot biscuits) ready by the time the game is cleaned. So there! But of course may-

be we Kansas and Missouri gals just have it on Michigan lassies. Phooey to you, sir!—*Mrs. M. G.*

COLOR-BLIND HEROINE

STEVENS POINT, WIS.—If the heroine in Paper Chase had made such thorough research in regard to invisible ink as she intimates (January 30 Liberty) she would have found out that when heating "iodine" (meaning tincture of iodine, which is a solution of iodine in alcohol), after evaporating the alcohol the rising vapor would be violet, not brown, and the remaining crystals slate-gray, not brown. She could also have found this out from any elementary textbook in chemistry.—*Carl Moe.*

PANNING TIN-PAN ALLEY

GOLDENDALE, WASH.—There ought to be a law against these song writers who swing works of the old masters.

Maybe these fellows have never thought how they would feel if some one were to play their songs as if they were classical pieces!—*Paul Abshier.*

QUERIES "UNION LABEL"

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.—Can Union Label (January 23 Vox Pop) tell us how many labor-union leaders have ever set up a business of their own, provided workers with jobs, met their pay rolls Saturday night out of their earnings, and made a success of it?

What the real job providers must have to make good is a competitive field. They do not depend upon tax levies to meet their expenses, as governments do, nor upon dues assessed against members of an organization, as labor leaders do. They have to meet their expenses out of the earnings of their business or quit.—*Robert C. Barnett.*

WHAT PRICE UNSLICED BREAD?

VALLEJO, CALIF.—I fail to understand any reason for prohibiting the sale of

"sliced bread," which is a great convenience to everybody. It costs no more and saves time, though it does not save any grain. It seems to me that it is just a bright idea of some pip-squeak. I think somebody with authority ought to step on this nitwit idea.—*John W. Oliver.*

YOU'LL GET 'EM

TAUNTON, MASS.—I have just discovered On the Beam. I think it is very interesting and I'm sure I'm not alone in that opinion. I would appreciate it very much if more articles of that type appeared in later issues of Liberty.—*Ted Grenier.*

Who was the man who saved Jim Bailey?

• $10,000, the court said Jim must pay—for driving his car around the block!

No, this didn't happen in Nazi Germany. It happened to Jim right here, and it could happen to you. Jim was taking his car around one evening to put it in the garage. Just as he turned the corner, a youngster darted into the street. Jim didn't see her till too late . . . and now the court says Jim must pay.

Jim would have had to sell his home, mortgage his future earnings, if he'd had to pay that $10,000 himself. But, luckily, he didn't have to. He was saved from this disaster by a man he didn't know six months ago.

He Saved Jim Bailey—and There Are 7,000 Like Him Ready to Help You

A representative of State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company saved Jim Bailey from paying that $10,000 himself.

Jim had thought he didn't need auto insurance. After all, he couldn't drive over 35 . . . he wouldn't be driving far. But the State Farm representative had changed Jim's mind with some startling facts. He showed Jim that the majority of accidents don't occur at high speeds, but at speeds *less* than 35 miles an hour. He showed Jim that accidents happen in a split second, no matter how slowly or how few miles you drive. So when Jim *had* an accident, his car was insured.

Any one of State Farm's 7,000 representatives throughout the United States and Canada is just as interested in *your* welfare. The insurance protection they offer is so reasonable in cost no one need be without it. And it's important to know that State Farm representatives are backed by the largest automobile casualty insurance company in the world . . . a company that has saved its policyholders over $50,000,000 in the cost of their insurance. State Farm's auto insurance is nonassessable.

State Farm insurance is geared to wartime conditions. For instance, Liability and Property Damage insurance rates are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. Another special service is State Farm's special coverage for those who pool their cars.

With repair costs substantially higher today, State Farm's unique *80% Collision Plan* becomes especially important. This improved collision insurance pays 80% of the cost of repairing collision damage done to your car, whether it's just a dented fender or a costly accident. Unlike ordinary collision insurance, 80% Collision Insurance pays 80c out of *every* collision repair bill dollar, and 100% of everything over $250.

State Farm offers similar advantages in other types of auto insurance. Medical Payments Coverage pays medical expenses of members of your family and passengers injured in your car, at the lowest cost in history. Comprehensive Insurance protects you against fire, theft, and a long list of other hazards that threaten your car. Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Insurance pays 80% of your expenses incurred on a public highway for mechanical first aid, towing, delivery of gas, and a number of other services, and reimburses you for 80% of any premium or fee paid for a bail bond. A State Farm representative will be glad to point out the advantages of State Farm's life and fire insurance, too.

(For obvious reasons, the name Jim Bailey used in this advertisement is fictitious.)

Write for free booklet presenting basic facts about auto insurance. Address request to Dept. LB33. State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois. There is no obligation.

IN 1943—BUY MORE UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Pacific Coast Office: Berkeley, Calif.
Canadian Office: Toronto, Canada

This Grumman Wildcat needs no apologies when it goes into action. OWI calls it the "world's best in its class."

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Tough Cat

Built for the British as the Martlet, the squatty Grumman Wildcat (navy model F4F) has been highly praised for its work when Malta was being reinforced, and our Pacific navy pilots swear by it as the best carrier fighter in service today.

Powered with a 1,000-horsepower air-cooled engine, with two-speed supercharger, the Wildcat has shown altitude performance that comes close to the Zero. What it lacks in maneuverability and fast climbing, it makes up in heavy armor and armament; but the latest models are not far behind even the flimsy Zeros in maneuverability. It has folding wings for compact storage, a feature which steps up the weight by 5 per cent with a corresponding decrease in performance. On the other hand, folding wings permit 50 per cent more planes on a carrier.

The approximate wing span is only thirty-eight feet and the height only a few inches over nine feet. It uses a nine-foot-nine-inch three-bladed propeller, and weighs about 6,200 pounds. Speed is officially rated at 350 miles an hour, and range 950 miles. It has just one crew member.

In its lengthy report on American aircraft, the Office of War Information said the Wildcat was the world's best plane in its class.

Air Orphans

Among the unsung heroes of the air are the volunteer civilian pilots of the Civil Air Patrol who fly far out over the ocean on hazardous missions and in all types of weather in an effort to keep the coastal lanes free for shipping.

Most of them fly over water without life-saving equipment and with far less insurance than army pilots receive. Brass hats have failed to give a priority rating for plane parts high enough to keep equipment in top-notch shape. And the eight-dollars-per-diem pay doesn't go very far when it must cover personal expenses away from home.

CAP has even been called a draft-dodging scheme, although it has never asked for a single deferment. Actually most of the members are family men who have given up private jobs to engage in vital war work, or they are flyers rejected by the army or navy.

One of these days Uncle Sam will discover CAP and will give these hard-working civilians the protection they deserve, on a par with army and navy men. CAP's record of submarines sighted and sunk, of merchant vessels saved, and of survivors located is one of the astounding feats of the war. Some day it will be told in full.

A Rose by Any Other Name—

If you've been confused by all those letters and numerals designating types of airplanes, you can begin to relax. The army and navy have agreed to call airplanes by their popular names, following the British practice, so if you don't know what the SB2A happens to be, just call it the Brewster Buccaneer and you'll be officially correct!

Even now you'll have to use your wits, for chances are you've never heard of the Bobcat, which is a Cessna trainer for the army; or the Yankee Doodle, which is a Fairchild army trainer; or the Dragon, which is a Douglas medium bomber. There are only two heavy bombers, both army, and this should be easy: Boeing Flying Fortress and the Consolidated Liberator.

But there are five medium bombers, ranging from the Douglas Bolo to the Vega Ventura; and there are nine light bombers, ranging from the Douglas Havoc to the Grumman Avenger. The flying-boat patrol bombers aren't so bad, there being only the Consolidated Catalina and Coronado, and the Martin Mariner; but there are nine fighters, two scout observation seaplanes, twelve transports, fourteen trainers, and four liaison planes.

Day vs. Night Bombing

The British have maintained that long-range daylight bombing of Germany is not feasible and have pretty much stuck to heavy night raids. The United States Air Forces believe night bombing leaves too many chances of error.

The British have been amazed at the performance of our Flying Fortress. Forty-eight Nazi fighters were shot down on one raid in contrast to five destroyed by accompanying British fighters. The English magazine, The Aeroplane, attributes this to the United States bomber's .50-caliber machine gun, whereas the British have nothing between the .303 machine gun and the 20-mm. cannon.

Our own army has had to learn too. The weather over Europe is such that high-altitude precision bombing is rarely possible. At night the turbo-superchargers of our Fortresses light up the skies and the engineers have had to cover the flare.

Odds and Ends

Photograph reconnaissance on our combat fronts is increasing in effectiveness, due to new developments in cameras and technique, to such an extent that our pursuit planes can take good pictures at 300 miles an hour from 30,000 feet accurately enough to show railroad ties!

The commanding general of the Army Air Forces, Lieutenant General H. H. "Hap" Arnold, is the only head of an air force in the world who learned to fly as far back as 1911 . . . and his instructors were the Wright brothers!

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Add 1c per book for packing, handling and carriage. Order by number. Order at least 20 books —as many more as you like. Canada and foreign, 7c per book, prepaid. If you order every book in this ad — 400 books — remit only $19.75 and we will prepay all carriage charges.

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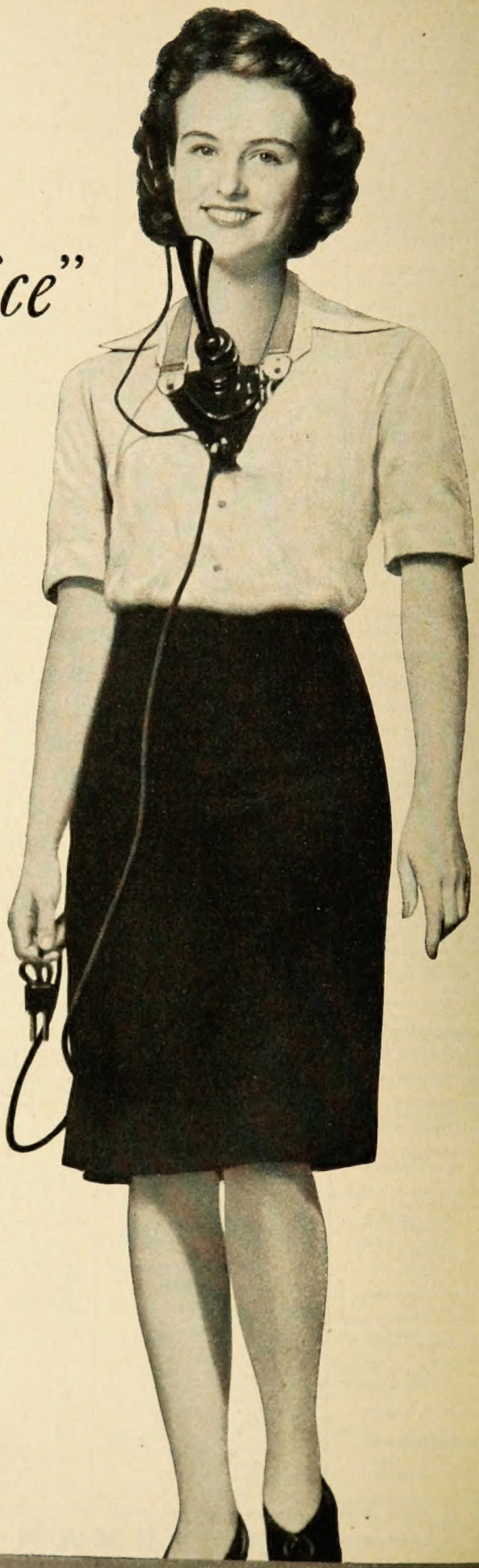


Her story had been written in headlines, but Lennie knew the price a girl must pay for front-page publicity. Beginning the gallant and compelling story of an ace girl flyer who found that in the WAFS she could live down the past—and become the woman she was meant to be.

LADY WITH WINGS

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

AT the door her father stopped to look back. He didn't like the things the past few months had done to Lennie.

"I wish you wouldn't be afraid to face people," he said.

Her eyes widened. "Afraid? I'm not in the least afraid."

"Then come along with me. You'll like this Washington crowd. They're full of ideas."

She shook her head. "Uh-uh. Some other time."

She lighted a cigarette—a tall girl in blue slacks and a plaid blouse—with a careful ease of movement intended to hide the tightness of her nerves. It didn't deceive her father. He came back, tossing his topcoat to a settee. There was gray in his hair and the flesh under his jaws was beginning to sag. But his face was still powerful, and, despite the thickness of his body, he was a handsome man.

Lennie felt a quick rise of affection for him; of regret, too. She hated to hurt him.

"Honey," he said, "I don't like to see you burying yourself away like this. It's no good."

"Lady wants to be alone, that's all."

"It's draining you of something—the old warmth, the old spirit—"

"Oh, dad!" She was all but mocking him. At the same time she took the handkerchief from his breast pocket and wiped her lipstick from his cheek. Then she gave him a bright smile. It was the same smile

(*Continued on page 59*)

"The event," said George Washington to his fellow signers, "is in the hand of God."

IS OUR CONSTITUTION OBSOLETE?

Know Your GOVERNMENT V

OUR minds are being subjected to a veritable blitz. It is not a blitz of bombs but of ideas about the postwar world. First, of course, we must win the war—and as quickly as possible. What can be done with the world will depend on who is victor, and the chances of possible irremediable chaos will increase with every year the struggle lasts.

Nevertheless, and with all the "ifs," it is well to consider what that postwar world may be like. I make no pretense to being able to prepare a detailed blueprint. I leave that to the bright young men and theorists whose lack of experience, like a suspension of the law of gravity, permits them to soar merrily into heavens uncharted by accustomed guiding stars. My own modest contributions to this almost insoluble problem—judged from what I learned in the months of the last Peace Conference in Paris in the winter of 1918-19—have been more restricted.

I have tried to think in terms of some of the *materials* which must be used in erecting the new structure of the several nations. Here I wish to discuss the Constitution of the United States considered in regard to the stresses and strains which a changed world may exert upon it. Whatever the postwar world may be, it is safe to say that it will be very different from what we have known. And for more than a century and a half the basis of our national form of government has been our Constitution. Is it flexible enough to continue as such or not, and if not, then what will take its place?

The constitution of a self-governing people is something like a turtle's shell: it has to fit the animal at all stages, and be capable of growing as he grows. If it does not comply with either of these requirements, it cannot last.

Many reformers, revolutionaries and starry-eyed "planners," have failed to recognize this. Of all our statesmen, Jefferson perhaps recognized it most clearly; another Democratic President, Woodrow Wilson, recognized it least.

Jefferson, among many other things, was one of the most progressive farmers of his day. As a stock breeder, he realized that *any* horse or cow or dog or hog was not necessarily a fine one just because it *was* a horse, cow, dog, or hog. He carried this idea over to man. He was a great believer in the possibilities of the common man, *but only under the right conditions.* His entire political philosophy, logically wrought out and closely meshed, shows that he believed that the common man could exercise the self-controls and governmental controls of a self-govern-

Except in wartime, the original document is on view in the Congressional Library.

It is flexible enough to meet new conditions—yet rigid enough to thwart dangerous design—in our democratic way of life, a noted historian observes.

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

ing democracy only if he were a certain kind of man.

All Jefferson's ideas—those for the establishment of personal liberty, the abolishing of primogeniture and entail so as to build up a population of small freehold farmers, his plan for public education on a selective basis as students rose higher, and the rest—clearly show he understood that only a certain sort of people could operate a certain sort of government.

Jefferson knew, moreover, that the government must be flexible. As he wrote in 1824, if we wished the Constitution to be immortal we must endeavor "by amendments to make it keep pace with the advance of the age in science and experience."

Wilson, on the other hand, the idealist and theorist, started with what he considered an ideal sort of government, and wanted to clap it on any people, whether it fitted them or not. The character of a people, their long traditions, outlook, and ways of living, had nothing to do with it. Any nation—South American, Levantine, Balkan, or Oriental—would, in his opinion, be better off under such institutions as ours, and would be capable of running them.

Let us consider the two all-important points. Did our Constitution when adopted fit the people? And has it proved itself capable of adjustment to new conditions?

In answer to the first question, I myself believe that it *did* fit the people. That is different from saying that it satisfied everybody. Certain historians and others who try to use economic self-interest as the one key to all human mysteries have spent much time in trying to show what personal and selfish financial motives led the members of the Constitutional Convention to offer the people the instrument they did. Hence the letters I get from high-school students saying their teachers tell them the Constitution was made "only for the rich." Life is not so simple as that. No one key unlocks all history. No one motive explains every action of a man's life.

In those sweltering Philadelphia summer days of 1787 the ablest men in all America had convened to attempt the almost impossible task of drawing up a form of government which would suit all the jealous states, the varied types of people, and yet endure. Washington, chairman of the convention, said at the beginning: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. . . . Let us raise a standard to which the wise and just can repair. The event is in the hand of God."

We had been through ten years or so of highly emotional agitation against England, followed by seven years of war. The temporary government which had loosely bound the colonies together was in the throes of dissolution. There had been

(*Continued on page 72*)

The Yanks are coming—coming in a landing barge to a French Moroccan beach.

Here are some of them just landed on the beach at Fedhala. Below: Others climb down, by a net, over the side of their ship to board a landing barge.

ACTION IN

A U. S. convoy hovers tensely off French Morocco. As if by signal, even the stars go out. But the shore light which was to guide our men goes out too. An on-the-scene account of the attack, told by a naval officer who ferried the troops ashore

WE knew this was going to be the real McCoy from the way the transport quartermasters at the United States east-coast port were pouring ammunition into the number four hold and from the quantity of jeeps and amphibious tanks that stretched in long rows across the motor-vehicle dump. Then there were the troops—hard, sun-tanned, and well equipped. Their heads were shaved, they sprouted full beards, and they wore green coveralls and carried tommy guns. I thought they would never stop pouring out of the railroad cars, up the fore and aft gangways, and down into the ship's hold, where they were stacked away eight deep in the bunks surrounding the hatch squares.

In the crisp October dawn we shoved off. Not knowing our destination, we headed out to sea for a rendezvous with other vessels. When we arrived at the appointed position, we saw transports, battleships, auxiliary aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, oilers, mine sweeps, mine layers, and sea trains. It was apparent to every one aboard that we were part of the greatest armada in history. It stretched ahead of us to the horizon, and was twenty-five miles wide.

The captain tore open a heavy wax-sealed envelope.

"Where're we going, captain?" some one asked.

"French Morocco."

We officers were summoned to the wardroom. An aide to the commodore unveiled a plotted map. "This little piece of real estate," he said, "requires your utmost attention."

We were looking at the details of a small resort town, as yet unidentified to us. There were a casino, a race track, a golf course, a beach facing due north, a small harbor, an antiaircraft battery to the right, and five-inch guns to the left. "This is where we are going to land the troops," said the commodore's aide.

We—the landing-boat officers—began carefully to lay our plans. The terrain to be covered by the attack

MOROCCO

BY

ENSIGN STANLEY H. KOCH, U. S. N.

As told to Alan Hynd

Passed by Navy Censors

was blocked off. Here we must avoid a reef. There was a bad spot for cross fire. We mustn't forget, either, that the tide would be falling at the zero hour. And if we got the word, "Play ball," that would mean we were to open up with everything we had.

The second day out speculation and suspense began to set in. What would we find in Morocco? Would the French put up a fight? If they did, what would it be like to go in under fire in a landing boat? That was to be my job—an officer on a landing boat. We had been specially trained for it, and had gone through rehearsals. But how closely, I wondered, had the rehearsals approximated the real thing? And how would the troops behave?

Only a year before, many of these soldiers had been clerks, bookkeepers, salesmen, truck drivers, workers in factories. Not that they weren't prepared for everything that lay ahead. For months they had trained in the deserts of southeastern California, where the climate, terrain, and other conditions closely parallel those of Africa.

I heard through the ship's grapevine some of their remarks. One fellow from Illinois had a girl who had promised to marry him only after he had killed his first German. A New Jersey man who had done a lot of grumbling when the draft took him was now cursing what he called the slowness of the convoy. Some of the men would look at pictures of loved ones and then gaze into the horizon toward their destination, their eyes narrowed and their lips tight.

As the days wore on, the great question on everybody's mind was, "Will we have to fight the French?" The troops, according to the grapevine, didn't want to unless there was no other way of eventually getting at the Germans. As one soldier from Brooklyn expressed it, "Why the hell use up the ammunition on friends when it will kill them German ——s?"

We began to wonder, too, about

From the air, the landing of reinforcements near Casablanca looks like this.

These are Yanks waiting impatiently on transports offshore. Below: The Jean Bart in Casablanca harbor, her bow smashed by the American shells and bombs.

submarines. From dawn to dusk navy planes from our escort carriers ranged far around the fleet, alert for signs of subs. But none came.

I liked the nights and the mid-watch. Bright moonlight flooded the sea as we zigzagged from dusk to dawn. The Big Dipper dropped low in the north as we swung south to avoid the Azores. Ahead, astern, and on either side our convoy neighbors loomed darkly. American radios, quoting Berlin and Vichy, told us, "Darlan fears United States attack on North Africa." Did they know, then, we were coming?

The armada swung north, and on Saturday, November 7, the groups of ships split up to head for their designated attack and landing points. At midnight our ship, shrouded with darkness, was six miles off the coast of our objective—Fedhala, fifteen miles north of Casablanca.

After a last-minute meal we went into the landing boats with the troops to get our eyes accustomed to the darkness. The men were steady, grim, and silent. Machine guns were mounted on the boats and ammunition readied. Troops checked their gear. The first wave was to land at 4 A. M. The moon was hidden and finally the last of the stars went out and rain began to fall. The light at Fedhala showed up on our starboard bow, just where it should be.

OUR group of ships was to be in a pincers that was to close around Casablanca, the principal port and naval base of French Morocco. The landing boats that were to put out from our ship were to fill in a tiny but vital piece in the jigsaw of this gigantic action.

Screened speed lights of the other ships in our group showed ahead, blinking, as the convoy jockeyed for position. The light at Fedhala—it was a small light, designed to be seen only by us—still shone through the light rain. It was after one o'clock. Three hours yet until zero. So long as the Fedhala light shone, we were all right. That meant that the French forces on shore would receive us with a welcome instead of with fire. It meant that the long, secret negotiations that had gone on between the United States agents and anti-Vichy French leaders in North Africa were going to save the blood of soldiers in landing boats.

But then the Fedhala light went out!

From the cruiser leading us we got the signal to haul in the boats and make an emergency turn to starboard. Whistles shattered the silence as we all plunged into our tasks.

Zero hour came—and passed. Just

(*Continued on page 52*)

MESSENGER FROM BERLIN

THE bullet struck James Collinge just under the heart, ranging upward from the Luger pistol in Hulman's hand. Collinge crumpled and fell, sighing heavily.

Hulman straightened and looked coolly toward the front of the shop. Carefully he sheathed his pistol in the holster strapped to his right leg, his hand going through the bottomless pocket of his trousers. He stepped toward the door—and halted as a car slowed at the curb across the street.

The combined tobacco shop and news stall operated by James Collinge was in London's drab West End. Hulman watched people pass—women in shapeless dresses, red-faced, beady-eyed cockneys, soldiers in wrinkled, baggy uniforms. Hulman sneered. The British were a baggy people, baggy-minded, stupid. Civilization, led by the Führer, had indeed passed them by.

The car across the street stopped. Hulman advanced with short regular steps, watching. In one minute he would be outside, in two minutes away. These minutes held the only element of the unpredictable in his campaign.

Campaign? Yes. This was an offensive action. Orders had come from across the Channel: "Kill Collinge." Collinge, a counterspy, had interfered too effectively with faithful men of the Reichswehr who risked their lives here in England.

"YOU have been selected," Oberstleutenant Baudler had said, "because you are a man of quick resourcefulness. It is an honor. Collinge has brought seven to their deaths."

There was something else worrying the Oberstleutenant, Hulman had divined. Then it came out, tensely: "We must not fail. Get Collinge before Herr Himmler's special messenger succeeds."

"A messenger! From Herr Himmler!" Hulman was shocked.

"*Ja wohl.* And worse. Himmler has told the high command that we are failures in London. That is why Rudolph Schwinn has been sent here, under cover—Schwinn, who can make himself look and talk exactly like an Englishman."

"Schwinn!" Hulman gasped. The great Schwinn, cleverest spy in the Gestapo, a power among Party leaders. "You have seen him?"

"Nobody sees Schwinn." The Oberstleutenant scowled. "Get Collinge. You *must* succeed. And watch out," he added, "for Foreign Office agents who come to his shop dressed as civilians."

HULMAN had got Collinge. Now, as three men got out of the car across the street, he thought of the Oberstleutenant's warning. The men were civilians.

He concentrated his eyes upon the trio. A subtle suggestion of exactness was in their movements as they stepped from the curb at the rear of the car. It was enough. Hulman knew. These were military men.

He retreated. Here was a trap. He was cut off in front and there was no rear door. Here was the unpredictable circumstance.

The three men were now almost to the middle of the street, walking toward the store. Hulman timed his advance so that he would intercept them near the entrance. Within a split second he had decided upon an adaptation of strategy. He would meet them boldly and bluff or shoot his way out. Not for nothing had Baudler called him resourceful.

Then from the left, through the store window, another figure came into view—a man in loose-fitting English clothes, baggy clothes, strolling casually. He came opposite the shop, turned, and entered. In that brief interval Hulman again changed his strategy.

Quickly he reached into his pocket, pulled out the Luger, and laid it upon the floor in the aisle. Then he glided behind the counter, inching backward.

The man came inside. Obviously he was a customer looking for a clerk. Hulman faded farther back into dimmer light.

Then came the sound he awaited, a metallic clack as the customer's foot struck the Luger. Automatically the fellow stared down, stooped. Instantly Hulman stepped from behind the counter with his hands raised high in the air.

"I say! What have we here?"

As the three men from the car

BY MAURICE BEAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN HUGHES

ntered, the first one spoke. Hulman new now that his timing had been erfect.

The man in the baggy suit whirled bout, his hand clutching the Luger. is jaw dropped in surprise. The ableau was complete. Hulman spoke learly, cleverly imparting a slight remor to his voice.

"I was buying tobacco from Mr. ollinge. This man held us up. Mr. ollinge resisted. This man shot him" -Hulman closed his eyes as if to hut out the grisly memory—"in old blood. Mr. Collinge is—there—ehind the counter."

One of the three men leaped forard. The others closed in with exert efficiency, jerking the pistol om the hand of the accused man. ulman caught the glint of a black utomatic in the fist of him who had oken. "Stand still," he snapped. And you," glancing at Hulman—we'll have to take you in, too."

"Of course," answered Hulman raightly.

T was evening when Hulman finally reached Oberstleutenant Baudr. The British agents hadn't kept m long. The baggy man's story, ough fluent, though true, was inedible.

Hulman stood before Baudler, a lf-smile on his lips. This would ean citation, perhaps promotion. have to report," he said with miliry unction, "that Collinge is dead. he operation—"

Hulman stopped, uneasy. The berstleutenant was staring up at im, his eyes hard as glass.

"Fool! You know how we of the rmy are hated by the Gestapo. Now ou have ruined us. Betrayal means eath."

"Betrayal? I don't understand." ear gripped into Hulman, and now e saw fear also in the glassy eyes f the Oberstleutenant.

"You will, *dummkopf*, very soon, hen the headsman finishes with you —perhaps with me." Sweat ran down he red cheeks. "Very soon it will be nown that it was you who accused Herr Himmler's favorite before the ritish police. Already much is nown. The rest will come out when udolph Schwinn is hanged."

THE END

He stepped from behind the counter with his hands raised high.

Blindfold practice in carrying stretcher and first-aid kit makes for efficiency under blackout conditions,

BLITZ OR NO BLITZ—
There's Use for First Aid

The tourniquets you studied with an eye to Axis bombing raids may save the life of some victim of a civilian accident

BY GRETTA PALMER

YOU may be one of the nearly five million Americans who have studied first aid since our country went to war. You learned about splints and shock and fractures so you could help if your city was leveled by an air raid. Perhaps in imagination you saw yourself fighting through billowing smoke, while explosions rocked the town and shattered glass lay ankle-deep in the streets.

Well, the bombers, as this is written, haven't come, and our civilian casualties have been of the old prewar variety: traffic casualties (in spite of gasoline rationing), near-drownings, falls on slippery streets. Most first-aid graduates haven't seen an unconscious figure, either pale or pink. Some think their first-aid training was a waste of time.

Was it?

For the answer, you might ask the persons who owe their lives to the fact that some stranger, in the past year, had learned about first aid.

Take the case of Betty and John. They went skiing on a trail near Peekskill, New York. It was a crisp, fine night, and when the others in the party started back these two decided to stay behind and ski in the moonlight. It was a romantic idea—but a dangerous one. Betty, practicing a new turn, slipped, skidded on a rock and broke her ankle.

John tried to carry her down to the valley—but after a few staggers gave up and sat beside her in the snow. They were both pretending they didn't expect to freeze to death by morning when a stranger came past—a straggler from another skiing party—who had completed his first-aid training the week before. He took over. First, he made an emergency splint from one of the skis. He then lashed four more skis into a rescue sled. Finally, he and John drew Betty down the perilous slope to safety.

The stranger had prepared himself for a bombing which never came—but Betty will assure you that his training was no waste of time.

There have been thousands of lives saved, thanks to Red Cross training. There have been millions of injuries which might have proved serious or fatal had not some one been prepared to act promptly and sensibly.

Here are a few examples:

Mrs. M. A. Bush, and her husband, of St. Louis, were driving through the downtown streets of their city when they saw a man run to catch

a streetcar, slip, and fall under the wheels. The motorman, not knowing what had happened, drove on, leaving the man in a dazed state on the car tracks. Blood was spurting from his mangled leg and his foot was nearly severed at the ankle. And Mrs. Bush, remember, knew no more about the realities of such emergencies than most men and women who have taken a Red Cross course.

"I WAS frightened," she said. "This was a terribly different thing from practicing first aid on a healthy 'victim.' But somehow, when I knelt down by him, everything I had learned in my Red Cross course came back to me. After pressure was applied, the bleeding stopped, and I tried to minimize shock and make a tourniquet. My husband brought me a triangular bandage from our car and some one handed me a tire tool for a twist bar." When the man was taken to the hospital, doctors told Mrs. Bush her prompt care had saved the man's life. Was her training a waste of time?

Mrs. Beuford C. Smith of Hutchinson, Kansas, had just finished her first-aid course when she drove past a wrecked car, surrounded by curious spectators, on a Kansas highway. She stopped, but got out of her car with misgivings. Would she have the courage to offer her assistance? Did she know enough to make it worth while? Her doubts vanished when she saw that one of the bystanders was frantically leafing through a book of first-aid instructions, while every one else watched with tense anxiety. Mrs. Smith took command of the situation and sent for an ambulance. Then she turned her attention to the shocked and lacerated victim pinioned beneath the car.

At her direction, some of the men removed the door from the car, so that she could reach the injured man. She treated him with compresses and warm covers. His ultimate recovery, after three weeks in the hospital, was in no small part due to Mrs. Smith's first aid.

Mrs. W. L. Caldwell was awakened at five in the morning by the sound of a crash on the highway in front of her Lake Charles, Louisiana, home. Hastily throwing a house coat over her pajamas, she hurried out. Two cars had collided and overturned. The most seriously injured of the six victims was a woman with a severed head artery and a fractured leg; she had already lost about a pint of blood. Mrs. Caldwell applied pressure to the artery, and maintained the pressure during the long ride to the hospital in an ambulance—and this act undoubtedly saved the injured woman's life.

Before Pearl Harbor the chances of *any one's* knowing what measures to take in such emergencies would have been only one fourth as good as now.

The moment that calls for your first-aid training may come in the course of your day's work. One third of the workmen at the Hollingsworth & Whitney Company of Maine took the first-aid course, and these men have since had less than one tenth of the previous lost-time accidents of the plant.

The emergency may come at home —30 per cent of all the fatal accidents in the country are home accidents. A New York woman had received her Red Cross certificate the very morning of the day when her little girl, playing with an empty milk bottle, broke it and gashed her wrist. The mother's prompt action with a tourniquet saved the child from bleeding to death. Mrs. Blanche Skolil of Portland, Oregon, slipped against her oven door and, falling, struck open a gas jet. When her son found her she showed no signs of life, but two neighbors who understood artificial respiration worked in shifts until she recovered.

Perhaps the emergency that comes to you may be as dreadful as any a bombing would bring.

The First Aid chapter of Corinth, Mississippi, had completed its training only a few weeks when an Illinois Central train was wrecked and a dozen cars derailed outside the town. Mr. C. M. Schneidau, chairman of the chapter, rushed his aides to the wreck, and they removed injured passengers from the train, set up an emergency hospital in the station, and worked for hours in the hospital making casts and assisting the doctors.

In the frightful night-club fire in Boston a twenty-year-old nurse's aide, trained by the Red Cross, hurried to the scene to offer her services. Miss Nina Underwood used jujitsu on two hysterical victims who were wandering around, a menace to

(*Continued on page 68*)

THREE LIONS PHOTO

An instructor demonstrates artificial respiration for gas poisoning. Nuns in a first-aid class practice tying knots for slings.

A BATTALION IS BORN

Nick was used to slugging it out alone, but he learned a new philosophy on the battlefield. A story of our fighting marines

BY BERTRAM B. FOWLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

NICK SANTOS was reading the story in the old magazine when Joe Shulwitz came into the hut. As far as Nick was concerned the story was strictly a stinker. It was about a bunch of guys in the army and it was full of hokum about "buddies" and something the writer called "esprit de corps."

Nick knew it was strictly hokum because he had been in the Marine Corps for a year and he had yet to find anything like what the writer guy was talking about. He had joined up in the marines because he knew that the draft was going to get him anyway. He was pretty sore about the whole business at the time, because he was Nick Santos, the guy the sport writers tagged as the best middleweight in the world. If it hadn't been for the war Nick would have had his crack at the champ and copped the title along with the dough that goes with it.

So he joined the marines and slogged sourly through a lot of drill with what he considered a bunch of punks. Then he heard about this parachute business. They wanted tough guys, athletes if possible. Well, Nick knew he was a tough guy. And if being a professional prizefighter wasn't being athletic, he'd like to know.

In the parachute outfit it was no better. Joe Shulwitz was some kind of a hunky from the steel district. He had been an acrobat with a circus. He was tough, all right, but not the kind of guy Nick could ever be buddies with.

Joe had light gray eyes in a lean face with high cheekbones. His light gray eyes seemed to have a way of sneering at Nick. His tongue had an edge like a rasp. It was lucky for Joe, Nick often thought, that he was the kind of a guy that Nick could lick without even getting warmed up. Nick didn't believe in bopping off pushovers.

Joe picked up the magazine as Nick tossed it aside. He said, "Hey, Slugger, why didn't you let us know you could read?"

That's the way it was most of the time, the guys around razzing each other. He guessed maybe Joe Shulwitz wasn't so dumb. He must know that Nick wouldn't take a poke at him. But as far as this "buddy" and "esprit de corps" stuff went, it was pure malarky.

He didn't bother to return the insult. Joe's tongue was too fast for him. Cracking back would only end by getting him sorer than he was. He went out of the hut into the blaze of afternoon sun. The little bay glittered like molten metal in the tropical sun. The palm fronds hung listlessly. Far off he could see the outlines of Donka Island, its rugged peaks shimmering against the high, hot horizon.

As always, the sight of the peaks gave him a queer, empty feeling in his insides. Somewhere beyond that horizon were other islands, islands where Japs waited, where the Nip bombers roared up to blast the American bases and ships. He was here on this Godforsaken island because of those Japs. One of these days he would go up in the big transport plane, along with other such planes, guarded by their screen of fighters. Then he would drop, along with the other guys, through the shimmering heat waves to land in front of Jap machine guns.

HE knew that day was close. Every one knew. He had seen the convoys moving. Day after day the reconnaissance planes had been roaring over, combing the seas and the islands. The big day, he knew, was near at hand.

He crossed the parade ground, with the sun a tangible weight of withering heat on his shoulders. He saw other men moving listlessly. In all of them he felt the same thing, tension and strain. It was the tension that was making them all jittery. It was the tension that gave Joe Shulwitz's tongue its sharper edge. But Joe had better look out. Nick felt his nerves tighten and almost snap when Joe rode him too hard. Just one crack and Joe would pick himself up with a few less teeth. A guy can stand just so much.

It was scarcely less hot in the big canteen tucked away in the shelter of the clump of palms. The guys drinking soda pop at the counter didn't seem to be getting any real refreshment from it. Other guys were sitting at tables writing letters, holding their heads to one side so that the perspiration wouldn't drip on the paper.

THE only cool thing in the canteen was the music. Nick didn't know it was the Moonlight Sonata that he was listening to. He only knew that the notes were as clear and cool as the drip of spring water. He did know who was playing, though.

He stood there scowling at the man playing the piano. Price Annister was one guy that Nick couldn't figure. He was a tough guy, too. But different things had gone to make him tough. They said that Annister's family was worth a few million bucks. He could have had a commission if he had wanted it. He had a background of Princeton, where he had been an All-America back. After that he was polo, eight goal, whatever that meant. And here he was in the marines along with tough mugs like Nick and Joe Shulwitz and Abe Grafke, whose background no one knew.

He had his head slightly on one side, as his lean brown hands picked out the sonata. Even absorbed in the music he managed to look aloof, his mouth twisted in a detached smile. It was that smile that got Nick, it registered such complete indifference to those with whom he served.

Annister glanced up at Nick with mock apology. His hands became still for a moment. One eyebrow jerked up in rhythm with the twist of his one-sided smile. "Didn't realize you were there, Nick. I'll play something you'll understand."

The cool liquid melody was replaced by a hot and sultry something that was kin to the heat beating down on the canteen roof, as Annister swung into Beale Street Blues.

Nick turned abruptly, anger

(*Continued on page 55*)

Nick stood, legs spread wide, braced against the bucking of the gun, and sprayed the crew.

In his office, "Doc" Wiegand looks over the dried vegetables, juices, fruits that save cargo space in overseas shipments

FOOD INDUSTRIES CALL THE DOCTOR

Meet Oregon State's Ernest Wiegand, who does a face-lifting job on prunes, fights food waste with new processes, and is an all-around savior to Pacific Northwest farmers

BY VICTORIA CASE

A FARMER totes a bulging sack into the office of Ernest H. Wiegand, head of the Food Industries Department at Oregon State College. Dumping some oversized and yellowing string beans on Wiegand's desk, the man complains:

"These grow so blamed fast we can't get 'em picked in time. They get too hard and ripe for the cannery. Did you see the line-up of trucks waiting to dump their loads into the river? What a pity—with food being wanted so badly."

Professor Wiegand fingers the beans and says thoughtfully:

"Leave them here. I'll let you know as soon as I've worked out something."

A week later Wiegand gives the grower a package of a greenish, highly nourishing powder and a few wisps that look like dry hay.

"Dry the hard ripe beans," he snaps. "Make powdered beans for soup and dehydrated beans for home use. We'll sell 'em to the housewives cheaper than canned string beans; sell 'em for shipment abroad; sell 'em to the soup manufacturers."

It was a simple suggestion, but Wiegand didn't stop there. He worked out the formula for a tenderizing process. He had the cutting, cooking, and dehydrating processes outlined for commercial use. And that is how 20,000,000 pounds or so of string beans were salvaged.

Pacific Northwest farmers have only to call and Professor Wiegand is on hand to help them. He's a tall husky man of about fifty, whose brown eyes have the brooding look of the researcher. He meant to become a country doctor, but part way through the University of Missouri he found he would rather handle food than ailing humans.

The growers have learned to trust Wiegand's ideas. For twenty-three years they've shared in the millions of dollars flowing into the Pacific Northwest because of his processes. Consumers have also been enriched. Any one who carries home a package of frozen foods, opens a can of tomatoes, serves commercially canned fruit, or tries out the new dehydrated packages of foodstuffs is benefiting from Wiegand's doctoring of Pacific Northwest food industries. Wiegand receives no royalties for his processes; makes them available to all who can use them. Although he is paid less than $5,000 a year, he could have a dozen jobs at triple the salary.

He began his work in a small way. Invited to Oregon State College in 1919, he was offered a free hand to pioneer a department of food processing. The free hand held only a modest allotment of money and a building that left much to be desired as a research laboratory. But he had a wide-open field, with no competition from any other educational institution, and the Willamette Valley offered him plenty of raw material close at hand.

Maybe he was expected to teach principles and theories in sedate classroom style. Instead, he unfurled a kitchen apron and made jams and jellies. His students were easily distinguished by the syrup in their hair and the paring-knife cuts on their fingers. They turned in cases of canned goods instead of examination papers. For "research" they adjourned to near-by canneries to do everything from testing products to loading boxcars.

Graduates of the department had the pick of good jobs as food researchers, food-marketing men, and designers of canning equipment. They could set up a cannery, repair the equipment, devise new units, judge the finished product, and market the goods. Wiegand taught them the hard way, just as he himself had learned. At the same time he continued his invaluable "practice," set to work on "problems."

Oregon orchards, for example, were producing more sweet cherries than canners and the fresh-fruit market would absorb. Across the continent manufacturers of "maraschino-type" cherries wanted a domestic supply of bleached cherries like those formerly imported from Italy. But the Oregon growers using Italian processes couldn't deliver at a reasonable price. Season after season the superb sweet cherries rotted on the trees while growers struggled with bleaching costs.

Wiegand brought the problem into his laboratory, put the students to work, and came out with radical changes. The Italians pick the cherries, carry them to processing plants, bleach them for days in sulphur rooms, and barrel them in a preserving brine for shipment to the United States. Elaborate equipment and cheap labor are necessities.

Wiegand's far more efficient method was to mix the bleach with the brine in the orchard, making one simple operation. The cherries are now emptied into barrels from the pickers' boxes, the brine poured in from a portable tank, and the barrel headed for shipment or storage.

The new process was the basis for a new industry. The Pacific Northwest now ships 80,000 barrels of brined cherries a year and realizes as much as $4,000,000 a season from them.

The prune industry was the next patient. Citrus growers, going to town with the vitamin appeal, cut into the traditional prunes-for-breakfast market. Wiegand and his students set up a prune drier and put the prunes through the clinic.

The patient was loaded with expenses. Wiegand devised a new system of circulating air through the drier which saved as much as a cent a pound. Since 80,000,000 pounds of prunes were being dried in a year, the saving wasn't spinach.

THE wrinkled old prune needed a face-lifting operation, too. Wiegand recommended a "soft pack" that retains 30 per cent of the moisture, keeps a better flavor, and is much handsomer than the old-time prune. Packed in attractive cartons, the new prune is a confection and between-meal snack. It cooks up into sauce in ten minutes.

He wasn't through with the prunes yet. Delectable odors brought visitors sniffing into the classrooms as he and his students cooked up new recipes using prune pulp. A crunchy ready-to-serve breakfast food came out of the trials, and fruitcake enriched with nuts and candied cherries. He translated laboratory formulas into commercial processes and sent the information along to two canners. Free, of course.

At the door he met the ambulance clanging up with another emergency patient. Canners of tomatoes, plums, berries, peaches, and other acid-containing foods have always struggled against a high percentage of loss from corrosion.

Wiegand and his students studied the canning process. Fruit is packed cold into open cans and set on a moving belt. Syrup is added, and the cans move through the "exhaust chamber" to be heated. This drives out the tiny particles of air from the fruit and starts the cooking process. The cans, now hot, travel along with the belt to be sealed, sterilized under

(*Continued on page 49*)

Frozen foods must be exactly right when he O. K.'s them. Here he is examining fruits after months of cold storage.

PRO

SHOULD WE P

For years after the armistice is signed, Allied armies must be primed to swoop down on former aggressors at the first sign of trouble

THE first requirement of a lasting peace is the organization of big civilized nations into a war-prevention machine.

The peace cannot be made on the basis of a single formula, nor in a few years. It will undoubtedly have to be carried out in stages. Obviously the first stage would be the establishment of an international police force to maintain discipline; for nations that have shown themselves backward in understanding of international morality must be disciplined. The United Nations are best able to do it.

There can be no security for the lesser nations unless there is an effective postwar union of the more powerful ones. It is the victors' responsibility to assure an orderly transition from war to peace and a new life. During the period of drastic reduction of armaments after this war there will be widespread economic dislocation. Industrial capacity will go to waste unless a competent United Nations authority diverts it into the channel of service to mankind.

Until the preservation and functioning of the individual rather than of the species is a universal creed, law and order will have to be maintained. How? By a police force made up of air, naval, and land forces of the United Nations. That is the logical answer. At the end of this first fight in human history for the political organization of a world society, there is no use in letting the world fall apart again into a pack of sixty or more nations squabbling over selfish issues.

Show a nation tempted to start a war that winning is impossible, and it will give up the idea. An international police force would be the ideal deterrent.

Aggressors are driven by hope rather than by despair or discontent, and nations moving along under the impetus of patriotism easily shoot past the line where excessive nationalism begins. There must be an authority vested with power to mark [illegible] would-be aggressor nations. The senior democracies should have that power.

If, as soon as this global war is ended, four or five strong nations make themselves jointly responsible for building a solid front against further fighting anywhere, there will not be any further fighting. But we must have a force which every aggressor can be compelled to obey. Lesser nations will have no security in the postwar world unless civilized standards in world relations are made universal; and the problem of making them so is too immense to be handled except by a democratic-minded authority backed up by total enforcement power.

Such world control by a United Nations police force does not mean domination. Nor regimentation. Regulating community life by ordinances and local laws is simply fairness to all, and so is controlling antisocial factors which would be detrimental to the world community. The world has now become an economic unit.

This concept of a world community is plain common sense. Radio and flying have put an end to an old order and have made internationalism inevitable. Democracy will not be able to function inside any country if the rest of the world lacks its benefits. Half the globe cannot be starving and the rest flourishing. Poverty and overproduction can be banished by even production and even distribution. Any nations with inordinate notions of sovereignty will have to abandon them. But the program will have to be rightly started and guarded against hitches.

A powerful force must guarantee the inception of a genuine peace. The last twenty years have shown that it will not work to entrust to individual states, each operating with its own armed force, the duty of enforcing international law. Peace can never be accomplished by mere renunciation of war.

Which nations should be charged with working out a dynamic peace? Britain, China, Russia, and the United States, certainly. India, too? That is an open question and an interesting one.

Naturally, the Powers which have indulged in international aggression cannot be entrusted with a share in international policing. At least, not at the outset. Their leaders have felt no obligation to keep their promises.

A United Nations police force would be the nucleus of a bigger and more effective body. There would be eventually a permanent authority to maintain world order, enforce world law, and punish attempts at usurping the rights of others in the world community.

THE ARBITRATOR

THERE is no proof, before a thing is tried, that it will work. Likewise, there is no proof that it will not work. But the question of whether to try or not to try must always be decided.

It goes hard against the American grain not to try. We have seen too many successes written into the record because somebody went ahead when everybody else told him not to waste his time trying the impossible. We have those successes to thank, largely, for our present rank among the nations of the world.

We are not, however, believers in any cure-all—in any instant panacea for misery. It would be childish to expect that the minute arms are laid down the aggressor nations will

E THE WORLD?

If we are to have permanent peace, the nations of the world must live together in an atmosphere of trust – not at swords' points

CON

LET'S be practical. This country is now committed to feeding half the world, at stupendous cost. Add to that expense our share of the overhead of setting up and maintaining a United Nations police force —and then figure up your tax bills. Is it fair or sensible that so high a percentage of the money an American earns should be earmarked for alien strangers?

Our forefathers believed in and upheld the Monroe Doctrine, which set definite limits to the sphere of our country's influence. That doctrine is not outdated. Minding our own affairs and letting other people settle their difficulties is still an intelligent idea. Would we wish any other principle to govern other nations' attitudes toward us?

If we attempt to fight Nazism after the war by opposing it with absolutist, revolutionary policies, we shall accomplish merely the substitution of one totalitarian despotism for another.

And the notion of a lasting, permanent peace is a delusion. Wishful thinking cannot change human nature. Whenever the perfectionist creed has been tried as the basis for government, it has failed. Kerensky's liberal government collapsed; the German Social Democrats could not translate their beliefs into political action, nor could the French radicals, the Italian liberals, or the Spanish democrats. In the history of city government in the United States you will find examples of the ineffectiveness of this creed.

All Utopias fail dangerously because a national government must always act for its own sovereign interest. If the United States attempts to help maintain a world police force, she is going to be left holding the bag, besides being ceaselessly embroiled in the troubles of other nations.

Psychologically and spiritually we are not suited for such policing. We are not as a nation familiar with the national and racial traditions of the Old World, and we are impatient with the manifestations of them. Even the first generation born in this country of foreign parents find it hard to be tolerant of their elders' beliefs. Such a policing project would result here at home in stirring up latent frictions to encumber the whole return to peace.

Peace and order come not from force and coercion but from the opportunity for a majority of citizens to live decently within the social and economic organization of their country. Bossing the small "captive" nations of Europe around would lead to a curtailment of their freedom of thought and faith, and of their personal rights. For us to take a hand in that would be to violate the basic principle of our own Constitution.

What is needed is a rebirth of faith in the human values of democracy. The underdog as well as the victor must help achieve economic changes or the changes will not take root.

A United Nations police force would only shift the frontiers of conflict and embroil us all over again; and when this war is finished our boys won't thank us for signing them up for further military service, even if it has a high-sounding name like the United Nations Police Force. What they will want is to come back to their jobs, their homes, and their families. Shall we deny them that and sacrifice them to an experiment which is politically impractical?

We can build only with what we have. We cannot invent qualities we wish we and everybody else had.

World planning, with a United Nations armed force to compel acceptance, is a bundle of blueprints. Abstract covenants of rights and duties will never be agreed upon. What did the League of Nations accomplish? Any new league, by whatever name, would be another body of politicians and diplomats acting on behalf of their unequal but essentially nationalistic groups. If a vote were taken, the American people would now undoubtedly say, "Keep out of an entangling alliance with Europe's eternally quarreling nations."

A dictated peace would be but an armistice, leading to another underground armament race and another devastating war.

If we should plan and map every step of the postwar period, we would be no better than Nazi Germany, with its corporative planning, its regimentation. To figure out on paper a way of living for the rest of the world and then to establish an armed force to see that our scheme is carried out is undemocratic and un-American.

ECISION BY MONA GARDNER

shed all their phobias. There is bound to be a rough transition period before totalitarian doctrines give way to democratic principles.

But if war is the supreme human calamity—and can any one think it is not?—then the best reasonable means to abolish it must be tried. A program must be found.

It must be a program self-evident in aim and soundly ethical; shaped by a social conscience. It will then be convincing to both the defeated and the victors, and victory will be saved from futility.

Judged by the American standard, the idea of laying aside the creed of isolationism and taking steps to force a trial of the best opposed method is practical and desirable. The suggestion for policing of the postwar world by the United Nations carries out that idea.

The odds are in favor of trying.

ONCE TO EVERY MAN—

TO every man, the Arabs say, there comes a living nightmare. Once in a lifetime some dreadful experience, belonging only in a bad dream, becomes a reality. Yet the eager mind may profit by such moments. Anyway, I did.

One day, early in this century, I was in the smoker of a train that in a few hours would reach Denver. A cheerful freckled-faced stranger spoke up and asked me what my business was.

"Peddling coats to the trade," I answered morosely. "Only I don't peddle them any more."

"Fired?"

"Yes. And I don't know which I hate more—being a traveling salesman or not being one."

"What are you going to do?"

"Well," I said, "I never was born to sell coats, anyway. I knew that all along. But I couldn't make my brother-in-law believe it. He owns a coat-manufacturing business. When the staff of the New York Journal was reorganized a few months ago, I was no longer a reporter. So my brother-in-law kindly—"

"You were a reporter? On a New York paper? Shake hands. I'm Dickenson, sporting editor of the Rocky Mountain News."

He was indignant to the last outpost of his sensitive nervous system that any man with printer's ink on his fingers should ever have gone into trade.

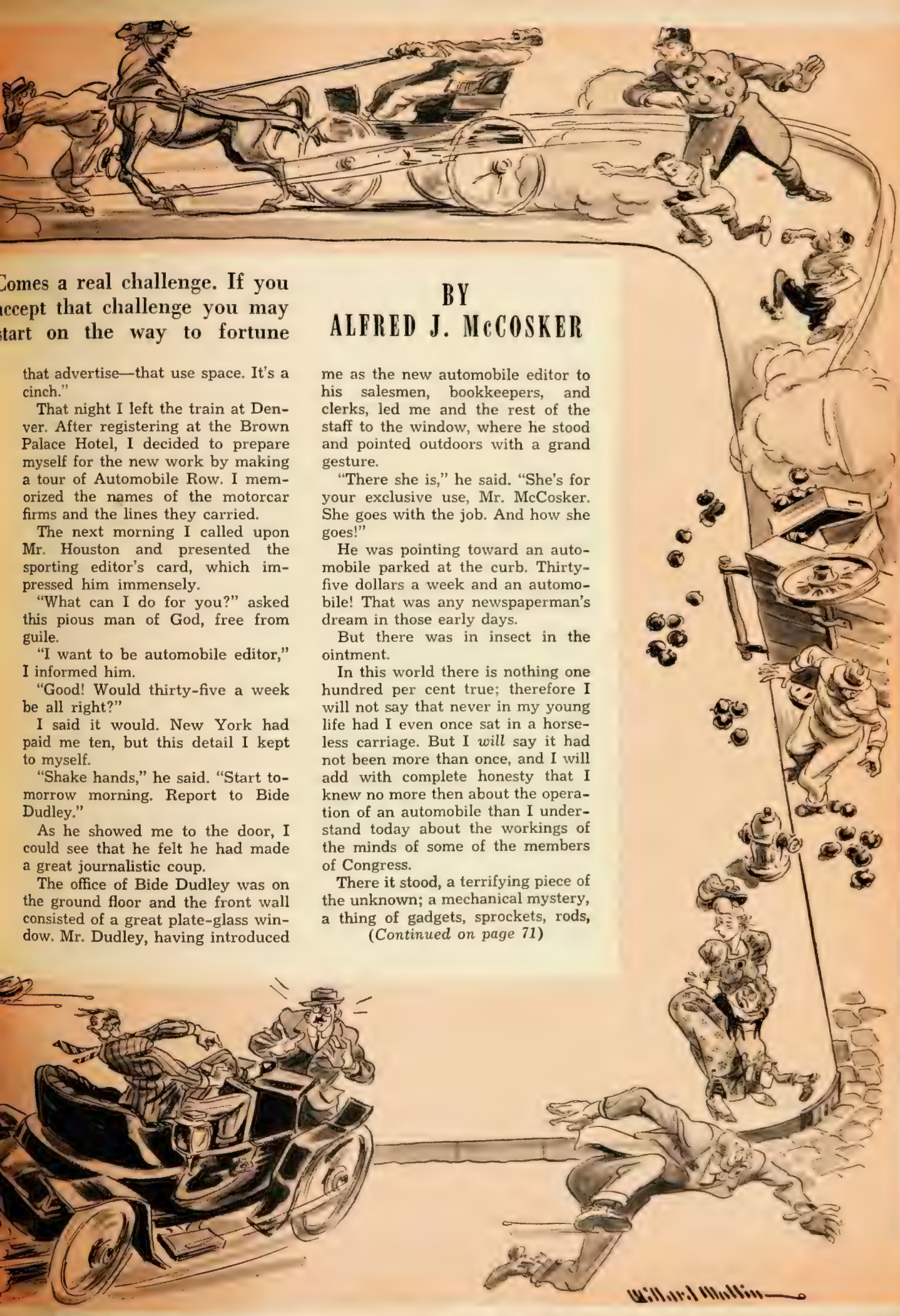
"Don't you want to go back into newspaper work?" he demanded.

"Of course I do."

"Then look here. A new man, Dave Houston, has just taken over the Denver Times. He doesn't know a thing about the publishing business, so you oughtn't to have any trouble. They are changing the whole staff right away and I happen to know what they're looking for. Tell you what you do. Go in to see Houston tomorrow. Say you were sent there by Dickenson of the News. He'll be interested. Don't just tell him you want a job. Announce that you want the position of automobile editor. And stick to it!"

"What," I asked, "is an automobile editor?"

"Well," he divulged, "he's a sort of middleman between the advertising and editorial departments. But your real boss is the business department. You write up the new models and such, but only about the firms



Comes a real challenge. If you accept that challenge you may start on the way to fortune

BY ALFRED J. McCOSKER

that advertise—that use space. It's a cinch."

That night I left the train at Denver. After registering at the Brown Palace Hotel, I decided to prepare myself for the new work by making a tour of Automobile Row. I memorized the names of the motorcar firms and the lines they carried.

The next morning I called upon Mr. Houston and presented the sporting editor's card, which impressed him immensely.

"What can I do for you?" asked this pious man of God, free from guile.

"I want to be automobile editor," I informed him.

"Good! Would thirty-five a week be all right?"

I said it would. New York had paid me ten, but this detail I kept to myself.

"Shake hands," he said. "Start tomorrow morning. Report to Bide Dudley."

As he showed me to the door, I could see that he felt he had made a great journalistic coup.

The office of Bide Dudley was on the ground floor and the front wall consisted of a great plate-glass window. Mr. Dudley, having introduced me as the new automobile editor to his salesmen, bookkeepers, and clerks, led me and the rest of the staff to the window, where he stood and pointed outdoors with a grand gesture.

"There she is," he said. "She's for your exclusive use, Mr. McCosker. She goes with the job. And how she goes!"

He was pointing toward an automobile parked at the curb. Thirty-five dollars a week and an automobile! That was any newspaperman's dream in those early days.

But there was in insect in the ointment.

In this world there is nothing one hundred per cent true; therefore I will not say that never in my young life had I even once sat in a horseless carriage. But I *will* say it had not been more than once, and I will add with complete honesty that I knew no more then about the operation of an automobile than I understand today about the workings of the minds of some of the members of Congress.

There it stood, a terrifying piece of the unknown; a mechanical mystery, a thing of gadgets, sprockets, rods,

(*Continued on page 71*)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

GEORGE KEMPEN of Cleveland asked Jeff Piper, a young lawyer, to draw up a will for him, making Lili Ban, a night-club singer, his heir. But he died mysteriously before he could sign it.

Jeff was suspicious of a man named Mercer who inherited under Kempen's existing will. Kempen had seemed frightened of Mercer, who had come into a restaurant where he and Jeff were lunching and had ordered a strang meal, beginning with plum tart and ending with pea soup.

Before Jeff could question Mercer, the man was killed on a train on his way to New York. Jeff had two clues —he had seen a good-looking couple come out of Mercer's compartment, and he had Mercer's address book in which there were four names and addresses: Kempen's; Professor Frederick Rowe's of New York City; Marie Lange's of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts; Ben Walters' of Washington, D. C.

With the help of Elizabeth Neff, pretty author of mystery stories, Jeff started to track down these people. They had little luck with Professor Rowe. Marie Lange was away when they reached Martha's Vineyard, but they did get a break there. For at the inn were the Ballisters, the couple who had been with Mercer on the train!

Another guest, Amos Trask, famous cellist, puzzled Liz. She was sure she had seen him before, but couldn't recall where.

Liz left the Vineyard to give Jeff a chance to cultivate beautiful Carola Ballister. Shortly after she went, Henry Ballister was drowned.

To Jeff's surprise, Carola came to him with a proposition. She seemed to believe he had been working with Mercer, and the story she told threw light on the mystery Jeff and Liz were trying to solve.

Mercer, Carola said, had carried in his briefcase four wills—signed by the four people on the list Jeff had—each making him heir to about a million dollars. After Kempen's death, Henry Ballister had killed Mercer so he and Carola could carry on the racket. They discovered that Mercer was a Nazi agent and that the will signers were holding money in trust for the Reich. The wills were merely a safeguard. Mercer, identifying himself by the code of the reversed menu, could demand their securities at any time. Henry, posing as Mercer, had collected Rowe's and Miss Lange's hoard. Carola offered to split it with Jeff.

"We can go to Rio," she told him. "Your friends can't pursue you there."

Jeff pretended to fall in with her scheme. "But first," he said, "we'll go to Washington. There is another million to be had there."

Ben Walters, fourth on the list, ran a restaurant in Washington.

Liz, tired of inaction, had gone to Washington, and that night Jeff telephoned her. He and Carola, he said, were at a near-by tourist camp. Liz was to taxi out and drive away in his car. The securities were in the toolbox.

"Take them to your room," he told her, "and don't move out of it until I come for you tomorrow morning."

His plan to inform the F. B. I. of the spy ring was upset when he and Carola were kidnaped and taken to a yacht on the Potomac. There they were greeted by Amos Trask!

Carola, angry at Jeff, told Trask the securities were in the car.

"Naturally, we thought that, when we discovered the young lady had driven it away," Trask said. "I shall call on her and get them."

He forced Jeff to write a note telling Liz to let Trask bring her to him.

PAPER CHASE

Cornered on shipboard, Jeff and Liz unravel the last threads of a fantastic plot

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CALVERT

AT eight o'clock in the morning Elizabeth awoke, her heart pounding as if something had startled her. There was no sound in the room save the ticking of her wrist watch and, from five stories below, the clatter of Washington traffic.

She knelt by the bed and slipped her hand far under the mattress. The fat pad of the envelope of securities reassured her. She had worried about the hiding place—under the mattress seemed so obvious—but there was no safer place in the room. She decided to pack her things right away to be ready when Jeff came.

Between eight thirty and nine she stood at the window watching the cars and the people below, wondering if [illegible] would recognize the top of Jeff's head at such a distance. At nine she sat down to read, and by ten she had surrounded herself with ash trays full of cigarette butts.

At ten thirty she ordered orange juice, toast, and coffee from room service and a copy of the Recorder. Ridiculous, she told herself. Jeff will be here before the waiter.

But Jeff didn't come.

She read the entire newspaper, from McHugh's daily story to the ads for Help Wanted Female.

And still Jeff was not there.

She felt like an imprisoned creature, not daring to leave the room, not knowing what to do or whom to call. She cried for a long time and then she washed and fixed her face.

It was eleven thirty when the knocker sounded. Elizabeth dashed to the door and flung it open. Her first reaction was intense disappointment. Then surprise flooded over her.

"Good morning, Miss Neff," said the polite soft voice of Amos Trask. "May I come in for a moment?"

Elizabeth backed up without a word as he proceeded into the room and shut the door.

"Do I surprise you very much? I'm sorry. I'm sure I can explain."

"But, Mr. Trask—"

"May I say a word?"

"Well—well—certainly," Elizabeth caught her breath, "only I'm expecting some one at any moment and—"

"Maybe I can ease your mind on that score. Were you expecting Mr. Piper?"

"Why, yes, I was."

"Then you will be glad to hear I have a message for you from him." Trask felt in the inside pocket of his

coat and drew out an envelope. "Read this before we talk further."

"But I don't understand. Where is Jeff? Is he all right?"

"Read."

Elizabeth took the note. She read:

Dearest Elizabeth:

I didn't have a chance to tell you last night that there are now three of us working toward our glorious goal. After you left the Weathervane certain things occurred which I shall explain to you later, making it necessary for me to get some help. Mr. Trask kindly agreed to come to my rescue as he had to yours the day before. He is not only a virtuoso of the cello but of detective work as well, and he has been of the greatest assistance to me. He came to Washington at my request. I am with Carola Ballister and, due to unforeseen circumstances, I cannot leave her. I have pleaded with Mr. Trask for one more favor—to take this note to you. Please get the envelope and come with him. He will bring you to me and we shall make further plans together.

Devotedly,
JEFF.

Elizabeth read the note over twice. The great sprawling ("compelling") handwriting was entirely Jeff's. But there was something wrong. Oh, yes, there was something definitely wrong. Those stiff and formal phrases didn't sound like him. She couldn't imagine Jeff saying "glorious goal." That wasn't the way he talked. She raised her eyes to Trask, who was standing unconcernedly looking out of the window. When he found her watching him he nodded kindly.

"By the way, Miss Neff, how is your arm?"

"Much better, thanks."

She put the note on the spindly hotel desk.

"I'll be ready to go with you in a minute, Mr. Trask."

She went to the dresser to put on her hat, the same wide-brimmed white hat that had started her on this adventure. In the mirror's reflection she noticed Trask had picked up the note. He was standing there, leaning against the desk, smiling with unmistakable satisfaction. Elizabeth's arms were raised to adjust the hat and she felt them roughen with the goose flesh of fear. A strangling lump rose in her throat and she swal-

A strangling lump rose in her throat. Now she knew where she had seen Trask before.

lowed frantically to drive it away. For now she knew where it was she had seen Trask before. There had been a yellowed photograph in an oval frame on Professor Rowe's desk, a picture of two young men leaning against a motorcar of very early vintage, beaming with great satisfaction out of their thin young faces. One of them was Frederick Rowe, and now she knew that the other was Trask. Changed, of course; no longer thin, but still blond, still the identical expression.

She stared hypnotically at the dark horror in her own eyes.

His voice was slow and soft and so courteous: "Don't forget the papers, Miss Neff."

"No." She opened the dresser drawer and took out the brown envelope that contained an outline and a half dozen chapters of Opus Number Seven and turned around to face him. She thought she would faint if she had to look at him, if his hand touched hers as he took the envelope from her.

"I'm ready." She had to keep him from looking at the papers. "Let's hurry."

THE elevator came at once and, in spite of Elizabeth's desperate hope for time, took them down to the first floor without a stop. They stepped into the slip-covered coolness of the lobby, Trask guiding Elizabeth toward a side entrance.

"Well, hello! I was just coming for you. You didn't forget our lunch date, did you?"

It was Bertram McHugh. Oh, blessed Bertram McHugh! And she had forgotten the lunch date. He was looking at her now reproachfully through his thick glasses, his eyes darting sharply from her face to Trask's.

"Oh, Bert," she said, "I'm terribly sorry. Something came up and I didn't have time to call you." And then, as if with a bright friendliness, "Do you two gentlemen know each other? Bert, this is Amos Trask, the cellist."

McHugh's eyes cleared. "Mr. Trask, may I tell you how much I enjoyed your concert here last winter? I know you hear that from a lot of people, but I sure mean it."

Trask dropped Elizabeth's arm and bowed his stiff bow.

"Thank you."

"Why, say, Mr. Trask! Why, you're just the man I want to see!"

"Me?"

"You bet. How long are you staying in Washington? Oh, it doesn't matter—you'll stay till next Thursday, I'm sure, when you hear about [illegible] putting a program together for a big Army and Navy Relief show, and you must appear. You've got to—it's the biggest show ever put on. We've lined up Kate Smith and Eddie Cantor and Rudy Vallee. Wow, what an idea! If you play we'll get the music lovers out, too. Now, listen, Mr. Trask—"

Trask stood helplessly deluged in the words that flowed from the thin reporter. Elizabeth, seeing that he was caught, at least for a minute, murmured, "I want to get my mail," and went over to the desk.

She snatched a registration card and wrote on it:

"Am in terrible danger. Follow us. Get police. E. Neff." She gave the note to a bellboy.

"Will you page Mr. Bertram McHugh and give him this, please? I think he's somewhere in the lobby."

She was back with the two men before they had noticed her absence. Trask was embroiled in attempting explanations as to why he could not possibly appear in the show, and McHugh was breaking into every sentence with plans for his appearance.

Across the lobby a bellboy intoned, "Calling Mr. McHugh, calling Mr. McHugh."

McHugh jerked his head birdlike to listen. "Say, that's for me! Excuse me. Don't go. I'll be right back." He strode toward the bellboy.

"Come on," Trask took Elizabeth's arm again. He was flushed with irritation. "Let's get out before that pest returns."

They went out the side door to Trask's car parked a few yards up the street. Trask wedged the envelope between himself and the left side car door and they drove away, Elizabeth not even daring to look back.

TO Elizabeth's faltering questions as they drove along, Trask explained:

"Mr. Piper rented a boat this morning. I have noticed on my many voyages that a boat takes one out of this world quite completely into a world of one's own. Hence the perfect hideaway."

Elizabeth agreed, trying coolly to put on an act of innocent acceptance. It was curious how her fear had faded into the background now that her message had gotten to McHugh. She would never have thought that scrawny journalist would be the hero in this affair. The main thing now was Jeff—to find him alive and all right; to tell him that help was coming.

"I've never taken a long boat trip," she remarked, "but I sailed the Maine coast one summer when I was in college. Has Jeff a sailboat?"

"Yes. With an auxiliary motor, however. We can't be bothered with the vicissitudes of breezes now."

WHEN they arrived at the dock Trask pointed out the boat. It was a trim yacht, riding quietly on the water, shipshape and shining. Aside from some men mending rigging on another boat and some children in an outboard motorboat, there was very little activity about. The sound of people at luncheon came from the screened porch of the near-by clubhouse that Elizabeth knew was the Potomac Yacht Club, even before she saw the painted sign.

They were helped onto the boat by a young boy in a white uniform.

"Get under way immediately," instructed Trask.

"Yes, sir." The boy stood aside to allow Elizabeth to walk down the steps into the galley. Trask followed her and unlocked the door to the main cabin. For an instant, when she glimpsed Jeff sitting there looking so natural and unharmed, she thought she had made a terrible mistake. But her hope was short-lived, for she saw that the man on the seat opposite him had his hand on a revolver bulging in his jacket pocket.

"Hello, Liz." Jeff's face was worried. For the first time since she'd known him, he looked really discouraged.

"Forgive me for the note. I thought it would be the safest thing for you."

"That's all right, Jeff. I'm glad. I'm glad you wrote it. I want to be with you—the way we started out on this thing."

Trask indicated the space beside Jeff. "Sit there, please, Miss Neff." He nodded to the man with the revolver. "All right, Karl." Then he walked into the stateroom on the other side of the cabin.

Elizabeth sat beside Jeff. "Where is Mrs. B.?"

(*Continued on page 65*)

It's swift, exciting, this first novel about the war written by an American who has helped fight it.

EAST OF FAREWELL
BY HOWARD HUNT

tells of life on board a destroyer on North Atlantic convoy duty. It's a story of tense waiting and thrilling action, of heroism and hardship, as men watch and fight and die to rid the sea lanes of the lurking menace of Nazi subs.

Coming Next Week

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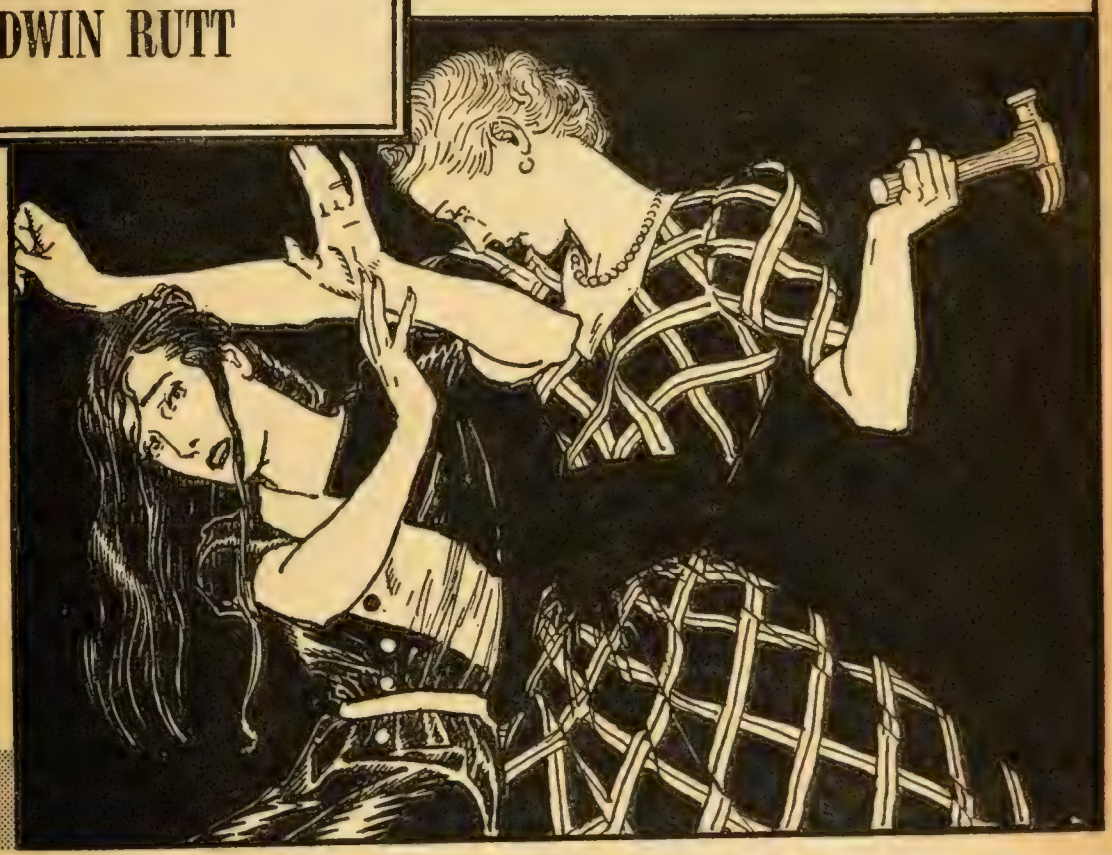
A Complete Mystery Novel

By

MARGARET VOGDES and EDWIN RUTT

DR. KILGORE SIGNED UP to keep one of America's richest girls under observation for one night — not to discover who killed her fiancé, nor to keep the killer from striking again — but, abetted and sometimes aided by pretty Penelope Ives, he had to before he was through.

An original book-length mystery, written exclusively for Liberty by a pair of ace fictioneers.



A Liberty BOOK

ABRIDGED TO A READING TIME OF ONE EVENING

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

AN October wind with just a hint of chill in it needled across the corner of the penthouse terrace where Penelope Ives stood. It chivvied a wisp of Pen's soft red-gold hair. The wisp, dislodged suddenly from its place in her careful wave, temporarily obscured a very blue eye. She pushed the wisp back. Her slim five-foot-six-inch figure straightened as she inhaled a knife of breeze. Then she turned and went back toward the penthouse.

At the door she paused, and a queer little smile, half amused, half maternal, whisked across her face.

Inside the comfortable living room, the big dark-haired man was putting match to paper beneath the logs in the fireplace.

At high noon in the Sahara, Pen thought, Dr. King Kilgore would have gotten a thrill out of lighting a fireplace fire.

Moving into the room, she said, "It's not nearly cold enough for that."

"What's the weather got to do with it?" King Kilgore turned to look at her appreciatively. "Fires are nice."

"Just an incendiary at heart," murmured Pen, sitting down on the divan. "But what's happened to our cocktails today?"

King Kilgore poured her a cocktail from a shaker on the coffee table.

"Here's luck, darling," he said carelessly.

Pen took a sip of Martini. Luck, she thought. Well, just now she had nearly everything she wanted from those two furiously important four-letter words beginning with l—luck and life. Just now. But—for how long? The thought disturbed her.

It was fun—fun and a thrill—to be private secretary to Dr. King Kilgore, neuropsychiatrist by profession, con-

sultant on and super-solver of difficult police cases by preference. And as long as King could have been content with that, Pen would have been willing to drift along.

But King, along with all the world, was restless. In fact, in these last few days, while waiting for his commission in the medical division of the Air Forces to be approved, he had taken on something of the aspect of a caged panther. And Pen dreaded the day when the commission would come through.

Theoretically, she wanted him to go. But actually—She tried to be honest with herself. Actually, it would mean that for a time, perhaps forever, their gay, charming relationship would have to end. Even worse, there was no telling what King might do after the war.

King was now gazing vaguely at the leaping yellow firelight. Pen shot a look at him. "Might have been a swell halfback once," she murmured.

King came out of his trance. "Eh?"

The house phone shrilled. "What now?" King growled. "Answer it, will you, Pen?"

Pen came back into the living room with a puzzled look on her face. "I'm almost certain that the person downstairs is Judith Horne."

"And who the devil is Judith Horne?"

Pen picked up the evening paper, pointed to a headline. It read: JUDITH HORNE TO WED COUNT HERLECKI TOMORROW.

"Herlecki? Oh, yes. Treated him once for toxic psychosis."

"Well, I went to school with Judith, who's only one of the richest girls in America. And she's coming up."

The doorbell sounded. Pen went to the door.

"Enter in person," King began in a sardonic undertone, "the richest—" He stopped suddenly.

A tall, angular, wrinkled woman of perhaps sixty-five stood on the threshold. Her gaze wavered between them, riveted finally on King.

King's brows arched slightly. "Miss Horne?"

The old lady nodded. "Yes; I am Olivia Horne."

King indicated a chair. "Let me introduce my secretary —Miss Ives."

Miss Horne flicked her eyes toward Pen briefly. "The name Horne, Dr. Kilgore, cannot be unfamiliar to you." A queer undercurrent, something like a purr, crept into her voice.

King waited in silence.

The purr grew louder. "Naturally, the wedding is causing no end of upset. I knew it would. I even advised against it. But my niece, Judith, is headstrong. We've all of us become—well, newspaper copy."

"Ah, yes," King said. "But I presume you came to consult me professionally, Miss Horne."

Miss Horne leaned forward and spoke with determination. "My visit is prompted by urgent necessity. You must come to Portugal Point tonight."

"That's impossible." King's voice was crisp.

The tip of Pen's slipper tapped the floor smartly.

Miss Horne's jaw set. "Dr. Kilgore, it is imperative that you see my niece at once."

King said blandly, not looking at Pen, "Tonight is out of the question. I—"

The old lady interrupted sharply: "My niece is behaving very peculiarly."

"Peculiarly? How do you mean?"

"Dr. Kilgore," she said, "I have reason to believe that my niece is being hypnotized into marrying Count Franz Herlecki."

In the pause that followed, King lit a cigarette. "So? What gives you that idea?"

For the first time, Miss Horne's manner became normal. "Judith is simply not herself. She acts like a girl in a dream, if you follow me."

"Quite. But I don't attach any special importance to it. She's either in love or else preoccupied with the wedding."

"Bah!" A steely light darted from the old lady's eyes. "There's no love in this arrangement. The scoundrel's obviously after money."

Her voice had a bitter tinge. King said gently, "On her side, possibly? Love, I mean."

"On no side," Miss Horne said firmly. "But the point now is that Judith needs a doctor's attention."

"Your family doctor?" King suggested. "He ought to be—"

Unexpectedly Pen interrupted: "Please go, King."

He stared at her for a moment. "Very well," he said, turning back to Olivia Horne. "How do I get to Portugal Point?"

KING glanced at his wrist watch as Miss Horne left. Then he turned to Pen. "Now, suppose you tell me all you know about Judith Horne, and why you want me to go."

"Well, it won't be last-minute news. I haven't seen Judy in a long time. But we did go to school together. She was sweet, but rather quiet there. I liked her, though, and that's why I want you to help her. Besides, I've an idea Herlecki's a bad actor."

"What about Judith's family?"

"Well, there's the old aunt you saw today. Then, she has a father and a stepmother."

"Know how she met Herlecki?"

"No. Could have been anywhere. Incidentally, Herlecki owes you a whacking bill. Shall I dun him?"

"Yes. Now that the Hornes have come to my attention, I recall that they practically own New York below Forty-second Street."

"I've got a bet on that the marriage never comes off," Pen said. "Looks as though I lose."

"Why bet on that? Who cares whether they get married or not?"

"Maybe not you, but nine tenths of America does. The newspapers have been playing the fight for weeks."

"What fight?"

She looked at him pityingly. "My Lord! I thought you were simply being professional when you questioned Miss Horne. Do you mean you actually didn't know that the Horne family are all against this marriage?"

"Didn't know and don't care," King said.

Pen shook her head. "Well, bet or no bet, it would seem

that they're marrying tomorrow, handcuffs and everything."

"Handcuffs!" King exclaimed.

"Yes. They're to be handcuffed wrist to wrist. Very delicate platinum handcuffs, instead of the conventional ring. It's an old Slavic custom."

"For the love of Pete! With the world like this, are people still concerned with such trivia? And you mean, Pen, that you made a bet against the wedding coming off because Judith is so dominated by her family that she wouldn't go against them? And now it's your idea that there's something even stronger than this family influence forcing her into the marriage. And that's why you wanted me to look into it?"

"Right," Pen said. "Listen, King!"

The quick change in her voice surprised him. "You'll be careful, won't you?"

"Careful? Listen. I'm going to dinner, not to the Crusades."

"I know; but Franz Herlecki is—oh, it's probably silly, but I've heard he can pin a knife in the center spot of the five of hearts from across a room."

King's laugh was loud. "You don't say! Probably he and I will work up an act. Ever see me juggle goldfish bowls?"

He bent suddenly. His lips brushed hers. Then he was gone.

IN less than an hour King's car was turning left off Northern State Parkway, plunging down a dark back road on the North Shore.

Presently a high wall of whitewashed brick loomed on his right. It stayed with the car for a quarter of a mile. Then two huge iron gates and a porter's lodge.

"Dr. Kilgore," King said to an old man who came out of the gatehouse into the white stare of the headlights.

"Yes, sir. You're expected."

The driveway was three hundred yards long, and winding. The trees that lined it were huge, old, shapeless in the dark. Their branches met overhead, forming a sort of interlocking letter S over a gloomy serpentine tunnel that ran to within fifty yards of the house.

There the trees ended in a wide lawn dotted with blurry outlines of shrubs and bushes.

King's first impression of the house on Portugal Point was one of vastness and rambling shadows. It was set on a low hill toward which the driveway had been gradually rising. Only the lighted squares of the windows gave the place substance and reality.

A dull monotonous throb reached his ears, and with it came the acrid tang of brine. Obviously the Horne house was built on the very edge of a cliff overlooking Long Island Sound.

A ponderous butler with white close-cropped sideburns and a port-and-sherry face admitted him and led him into an astonishing room.

It was long, low, dimly lit, and incredibly large. There was something oppressive in the massive black-oak beams that crossed the ceiling. At the end of the room three huge logs licked, spit, and crackled in a fireplace eight feet wide. Miss Olivia Horne rose from a dark leather chair by the fire as King entered. The fire seemed to snap at her tall angular figure.

"Lonnie," she said in a clicky metallic voice.

There was a sudden movement from a chair on the other side of the fireplace. A pair of long thin legs uncrossed. A figure slim but unmistakably fifty-odd got to its feet.

"My brother, Alonzo Horne," Olivia said; "Dr. King Kilgore."

Alonzo Horne came forward. He walked with a slight stoop, but his small dark eyes seemed to clamp themselves on King's face. And to King those eyes betrayed an intensity which the languid set of his shoulders, the arrogant tilt of his iron-gray head, the informality of his black velvet jacket sought to cover up.

"Very good of you to come, Dr. Kilgore," Alonzo Horne said. "Though"— Suddenly his eyes wavered away. It was as if involuntarily he permitted them a resentful stab at Olivia. "Though," he continued, "I think I can handle the situation myself."

"Lonnie!" Olivia spoke sharply. "I considered it advisable for Dr. Kilgore to come."

"Have it your own way. But—" Lonnie Horne stopped, aware that King was no longer looking at him.

From the time he had entered the room King had been vaguely aware of her. She sat on a low Spanish-leather ottoman just to the left of the fireplace. A tongue of flame laid a pale amber wash over her brown hair. She wasn't young. Forty, perhaps, King decided.

Lonnie Horne seemed to wrench himself back from a thousand miles away. "Oh, I'm sorry, Dr. Kilgore. This is my wife."

The woman on the ottoman smiled, laid a firm cool hand in King's. Olivia Horne said sharply, "Well, Constance, where are the others?"

In a low voice Alonzo Horne's wife said, "They'll be here any minute, dear. You know Judith is always late."

There was a creaking sound from the doorway. "Oh, there you are, Wilson," said Lonnie Horne.

King saw the port-and-sherry butler wheeling in a bar wagon of dark mahogany.

Constance Horne's low voice said, half to herself: "Ah, the bar that walks like a tea wagon."

King grinned. Lonnie Horne's wife might prove an amusing high light in a pattern that, at the outset at least, seemed fairly dreary.

Wilson served drinks, then wheeled his contrivance to a corner and stood brooding over it. A dark shape suddenly filled the doorway.

Alonzo Horne leaned toward Olivia, said in an almost inaudible whisper, "The damn swine."

The shape in the doorway moved forward. There was a silky rise and fall to the shoulders under the perfectly cut dinner jacket. "So sorry. To be late, I mean." Then his eyes rested on King. "Ah, a visitor. But I know him."

King laughed and held out his hand. "Hello, Herlecki. Didn't know if you'd remember me."

"Dr. Kilgore." Count Herlecki's English was practically perfect. "This is a surprise!" A smile rippled over his mobile swarthy face. "And Judith—where is she?" He asked it of the room in general.

"How should we know?" Lonnie Horne snapped. "You ought to be able to answer that yourself."

The count shrugged and walked over to the bar wagon.

A SILENCE fell; but the low dark room seemed cobwebbed with tension. Lonnie Horne glared at Herlecki over the rim of his glass. Olivia's knotted old fingers plucked at the leather of her chair. Constance sat staring straight ahead of her. Only Herlecki appeared completely at ease.

King went over to him and said, "Congratulations, Herlecki. I hear great things are planned for tomorrow."

"Ah, yes." Herlecki's smile broadened. "Tomorrow is, as you say, the big day."

Lonnie Horne's eyes came up, found Herlecki's, and narrowed to pin points. He seemed about to speak, but stopped at the sound of footsteps in the hall.

Judith Horne came in suddenly.

King got the impression of something beautiful operated by remote control. She was tall, slim, long-legged. Her hair, thick and black, formed a half frame around the pale oval of her face. Her gown was ice-blue satin. She paused in the doorway, looked about her with eyes that stared curiously.

Herlecki bent over her hand, "My dear. The gown, it is charming."

"Judith." Olivia's voice was sharp. "This is Dr. Kilgore."

The girl looked vaguely around and murmured something inaudible. King bowed.

"Come here, darling," Constance invited, moving over on the ottoman.

The rich, warm voice seemed to draw Judith across the room.

She sat beside Constance, staring into the fire, transfixed by the leaping blue-and-yellow flames. Her hands, white and listless, lay in her lap.

Suddenly Olivia's brittle voice crackled: "You don't want to go to the island, do you, Judith? He's forcing you to, isn't he?"

The girl's gaze was still on the fire. She made no effort to reply. Constance put an arm around her shoulders, shook her head slightly at Olivia.

Count Herlecki smiled into Olivia's twisted, forbidding face. "You think I force Judith on this trip, yes? But you are wrong." His voice rose a little as he directed it at Judith. "Judith will herself tell you that it is her own idea. Is it not so, my darling?"

Judith's lips moved. She said mechanically, "The trip is my own idea."

Lonnie Horne stared at her for a second, then sprang out of his chair.

"Listen, you!" he shouted at the count. "You're making her say that. For two cents I'd—"

"Lonnie!" Constance cried in a frightened tone.

Instantly, almost as if he had been expecting this interruption and welcomed the chance to deal with it, Alonzo Horne turned upon his wife. His voice altered slightly and a thin edge of patronage seemed to mingle with the anger in it. "By now, Constance," he snapped, "I should think you'd know that I don't invite interference from you."

King flashed a surprised glance at Mrs. Horne, then looked back at the center of the room. Alonzo Horne stood there quivering from head to foot. His breath was coming in short, labored gusts. His jaw worked convulsively.

Constance Horne sat bolt upright on the ottoman. "Lonnie!" Fear shrilled and vibrated in her voice.

The ringing cry seemed to bring Alonzo Horne to. He stared uncomprehendingly at Constance, then at Olivia, who was leaning back in her chair, an irritated expression on her chiseled waxen face. Then, as if the entire uncomfortable interlude had been a trifle, he waved a vague hand and walked over to a chair. There was a tired slump to his shoulders.

King's eyes flashed back to Judith. Through the whole tense scene her expression had not changed. Constance's arm was still around her.

A maid came to the doorway and nodded at Wilson.

Normalcy seemed to flow back into the room as the butler, from his shadowy corner, said imperturbably, "Dinner is served."

In the dining room, King took the chair Olivia indicated on her right. Miles away, at the head of the great oblong table, Alonzo Horne was fidgeting. Judith, her dark head lowered, was on his right. Herlecki was already pattering small talk on his left. And directly opposite King, on Olivia's left, sat Constance.

There was more strangeness in this house than King had bargained for. And the more he considered it, the stranger it seemed. He had expected preparations for an ultra-ultra wedding. But here was simply an obviously neurotic wealthy family sitting down to dinner.

Where were the preparations for a monstrous, glamorous, utterly expensive event?

King let his eyes rest on Judith. The girl was undeniably beautiful. But now she sat indifferently, the fingers of her right hand toying with her soup spoon. To King, it was as if her strained white face had been carved out of chalk. It was a dead face—the face of a listless ghost.

King raised his voice—directed it straight at her: "I understand you were at school with my secretary, Miss Horne. Penelope Ives."

Judith started. She looked at him as though seeing him for the first time. "Pen? Oh, yes, of course. I knew her quite well."

Lonnie Horne interrupted, turning to his daughter. "Where," he demanded, "were you all afternoon?"

Judith's eyes wavered from her father to Herlecki in an indeterminate, half-frightened glance. But she managed to say, "Out. With Franz."

"Just when I needed you to sign an important paper," said Lonnie irritably.

Herlecki's ears pointed, then, like a fox's.

LATER, as they left the dining room, King quickened his pace, caught up with Judith. "I'd like to have a word with you, Miss Horne," he said in a low voice.

She didn't look at him. "In a few minutes. I—"

"Coffee in here." Olivia's finger indicated the door of the low-ceilinged library.

King halted involuntarily, but Judith continued on down the hall as if she had not heard Olivia's command.

"No coffee for me or Herlecki," Lonnie said. "We're having brandy in my study."

King went into the library.

"Brandy, Dr. Kilgore?" Constance Horne said.

King said "Please" mechanically, and sat down in front of the fire that was dying. Wilson passed coffee and brandy. Constance was talking, generally, about the approaching wedding. He got the feeling she was making conversation—nervous conversation.

Olivia sat stiff and upright on the couch. Ten minutes dragged away. And still Olivia had not asked the question he had been waiting to hear ever since dinner. She had engaged him to observe her niece, but did not now seem anxious for his opinion.

All at once something shadowy moved in the outer hallway, whisked past the door of the room. King got up leisurely. "Excuse me a moment," he said urbanely.

The hallway was deserted, save for Judith Horne, just beginning to climb the stairs at the end of it. King moved swiftly.

"Where can we talk a moment?" he asked her.

Judith looked at him uncomprehendingly. She seemed slightly winded, as though from a hard run. Her breath came haltingly, in tiny gusts. Something had whipped color into her cheeks. Her eyes were alive now, wide and a little frightened.

"I—I—" she began, then seemed to get a grip on herself. "Oh, all right. In here."

She led him into a small room at the left of the stairs. King closed the door behind him.

"Now," he said abruptly, "where are you getting it?"

Color drained from Judith's face. "W-what do you mean?"

King took her hand gently and drew her over to the couch. "Suppose we sit down and talk it over. I'm a friend of your aunt's, and you seem to need advice. For instance, it's dangerous to go out on cold nights without a wrap."

Judith raised her head—and something, an expression he couldn't quite fathom, flashed across her face and was gone. She said in the same hesitant voice, "How did you know I'd been out?"

"Oh, I see things once in a while. And just now I'm seeing—" He broke off and pointed to one of her slippers. A tiny stone had lodged between the sole and the upper leather of her shoe.

After a moment Judith said, "Well, yes, I was out. But why should that interest you? I only took a walk."

"You can trust me," King said. "You don't have to throw up a defense barrage."

Then, for the first time, she turned to him. The movement was impulsive, natural. "Oh, if only I didn't— You —you don't know."

"I know some things," he said. "Pinning that down, I know that you were doped tonight."

Judith's body stiffened. "D-doped? Wh—"

"But, of course," King said easily, "I couldn't be expected to know whether you're taking it yourself or whether some one is giving it to you. Maybe you can tell me."

The hand under his fingers was cold now. Judith said slowly, "Honestly, I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"Here's the point," he said. "I didn't just happen in here tonight. I was asked to come by your aunt. She's worried about you." He spoke softly, almost caressingly. Judith raised her eyes. King watched fear lessening in them as they swept his face searchingly. "Come on," he urged. "What's the trouble?"

"You—you're rather nice." Judith paused, then added almost involuntarily, "The trouble is, I'm sick of being dominated by my family!" Her lips quivered. "It—it sounds sort of crude, but my grandmother left me some money. A great deal of money. Only I don't get it until I marry. So long as I'm unmarried the family has control of me and the money."

"I suppose," King said, "that the closer the wedding gets, the harder your family bears down to stop it?"

She looked at him appreciatively. "Actually they have made my life an absolute hell for three months."

"I see," said King. "Well, under the circumstances, I don't blame you for what you're doing."

"But, honestly, Dr. Kilgore, I'm not taking anything."

"All right." King got up. "I believe you."

"I think," Judith said slowly, "that I'd better go to bed. Good night, Dr. Kilgore."

RELUCTANTLY King watched her go. Then he went to the door of the library. But the library was deserted—and, all at once, King made up his mind. Whatever he had to say to Olivia Horne could be sent in the form of a report in the morning.

A moment later the great door of the Horne mansion closed softly behind him.

Within a few feet of his car King began drawing on his gloves. Then he put a foot on the running board, looked appreciatively around the huge estate. Portugal Point was a study in mist. The creeping fog had extended across the driveway and, even now, poked ectoplasmic fingers at the car.

"The hell with all this." King wrenched the door of the front seat open.

And right there he stopped. His eyes, narrowing, fastened on something in the depths of the car.

"Hey! What goes on?" he said sharply.

The black shape inside did not speak. King ducked. His forehead almost hit the running board. But his right hand stole up, crept over the door of the car, fumbled in the pocket for a flashlight.

"O. K., pal," King said. "I'm going to New York. What's your station?"

A gray silence engulfed the words. The fog, wrapping Portugal Point, edged closer. A second passed.

King pushed the flashlight's button.

Bolt upright on the rear seat, his face twisted into a hideous half-human mask, sat Count Franz Herlecki.

King walked around the car, turned the torch full on that staring thing in the back seat. Herlecki's mouth was a twisted horror. One long tooth clamped over his lower lip like the fang of a wolf. A dark streak from a small hole in his forehead etched the left side of his face like a cicatrice, disappeared under the curve of the jaw.

King focused the light on the wound in the forehead. The swarthy, slightly oily skin showed purplish powder burns. Dark blood had clotted and dried around the wound. The bullet had entered at an angle that was definitely downward. And yet, King thought in a flash, Herlecki had been a tall man.

"Dead about an hour," King decided, and reached for one of the limp wrists. The flesh was cold—an indescribable coldness. He withdrew his hand. As he did so, something slipped down that icelike wrist—a thin, curiously carved bracelet. A pattern of rubies, like drops of dark blood, was set in the gold band.

"Hello!" exclaimed King.

Then he forced himself to the business in hand. He examined the floor of the car. A touch of gray cigarette ash at the heel of Herlecki's left shoe. A burnt match. Nothing more. King straightened. "Never knew what hit him," he said to himself.

HE walked a few paces to the left of the car. Then, his mind made up, he returned, slipped behind the wheel, and stepped on the starter.

He slid the gear into first. But before he could press the accelerator there was a sudden rush of feet. King yanked the gearshift back into neutral. Of all things to happen now! Then quickly he slid across the driver's seat. It was a weak attempt to block out the view of Herlecki's body.

"Oh, Dr. Kilgore!" Judith Horne was panting. "There's something I wanted to ask—" She stopped as if shot. Her hand flew to her mouth.

And then she screamed—a long, shrill scream of pure terror.

"Turn it off," King snapped rudely.

She looked at him, wild-eyed. "But he's—he's—"

"I know. Dead. Beyond anything you or I can do for him."

Her eyes were those of a frightened child. "Oh, God! How—who—"

"I know how," King said. "Who is another story."

Feet pounded across the porch, scuffed and crunched on the driveway.

Lonnie Horne's voice, heading a startled delegation, shouted: "What's going on here? Somebody being murdered?"

"Wrong tense," King said tersely. "'Been's' the word."

Lonnie almost flung himself at the car, then recoiled. Constance, Wilson the butler, and a succession of servants threw frightened glances over his shoulder. Lonnie gasped, "Speak up, Kilgore! Is he—is he—"

King nodded. "Somebody knew just where to shoot."

"Somebody?" It was Judith's voice, and it cracked like a whip. She pointed suddenly at King. "When I came, he—he was just about to drive away with him. I saw him. The motor was running. In another minute he'd have been gone."

"Kilgore," Lonnie Horne said decisively, "I think you'd better explain."

King swung out of the car. He brushed Lonnie aside.

"Listen, all of you," he said. "Don't touch a thing. Keep away from the car. I've got to telephone."

There was a phone on a small stand in the hallway. First King called the local police station. Then he called New York.

Pen's voice came drowsily over the wire.

"Listen, Pen," King said crisply. "Do you remember those directions for getting to the Horne place?"

"Perfectly." The word was all mixed up with a yawn. "But if you're interrupting my beauty sleep to—"

"Skip it! Listen! Bring what you'll need for three or four days, get some stuff for me, and pour yourself down here."

Instantly her voice grew alert. "Something popping?"

"Hell is," King said, and rang off. From somewhere above, footsteps sounded.

Olivia was coming down the stairs, moving slowly. Her head was erect, her eyes unseeing.

"Lady with a sense of drama," King muttered, and slipped down the hallway. Just as he did so, the low wail of a police siren sounded. A door at the end of the hallway opened into a solarium. King crossed it quickly and found what he was looking for. Wrenching open a French window, he stepped out into a formal garden at the back of the house. He ran swiftly down the driveway.

KING knocked at the back door of the gatehouse. The door opened and the gatekeeper peered cautiously out.

"You remember me—Dr. Kilgore?" King said easily.

"Certainly, Dr. Kilgore."

"There's been a murder," King said, and pushed inside. "Count Herlecki has been killed. Who besides myself did you open the gates for tonight? And, by the way, what's your name?"

For a second the old man seemed about to crumple. Then he pulled himself together. "Millard, sir. Andrew Millard. Those gates haven't been opened except for yourself."

"Are these gates the only entrance or exit to the entire place?" asked King.

Millard nodded.

King said, "The house overlooks the Sound. I suppose there's a beach. How do they get down to it?"

"I forgot that, sir. There is a door through the wall at the back that leads to the beach path. But there's no swimming this time of year and it's been padlocked since last month." The gatekeeper shook his head. "Likes his privacy, Mr. Horne does."

"Must," said King. "I noticed when I came in that the wall was at least fifteen feet high. You say it goes all around the property?"

"Every foot of the way, sir. And there's broken glass at the top. It would be quite a job to get over."

"Very well. I'm expecting my assistant, Miss Ives. Please let her in. Good night, Millard."

Halfway up the steps of the Horne house, Dr. Kilgore saw the front door open suddenly. Olivia Horne, her knifelike figure dramatically erect, confronted him.

"We have come to a decision," she said importantly. "A fearful murder has been committed, and we propose to take definite action. We should like to engage you, Dr. Kilgore, to remain at Portugal Point until this terrible mystery has been cleared up."

Very deliberately King lit a cigarette. "I'll accept, on two conditions: that my secretary, who is now on her way here, and I both have a free hand; and that I may question the family before the police arrive."

"Agreed," Olivia snapped. She led the way into the hall. King followed her toward the library. Olivia swept in magnificently.

Constance and Lonnie Horne were already there, Lonnie slumped in one of the big leather chairs, one leg flung over an arm of it.

King spoke crisply: "Where is Judith?"

Constance said quietly, "She's suffering from reaction. I sent her upstairs to lie down."

"Very well. Now, then, you've asked me to take this case, and I'm taking it. And if anything I do seems strange, don't ask questions.

"I've got only a minute or two now," he continued, "so you'll help matters by answering questions quickly and truthfully. You first, Mr. Horne, if you please. How did you spend the time from dinner to the moment when you heard Judith scream?"

Lonnie sat up. "Damn it, you sound like an infernal policeman! We didn't hire you to badger us, did we?"

"If you engaged a lawyer to defend you in a suit, Mr. Horne," King said coldly, "would you withhold vital facts from him?"

"Oh, all right. I was in my study the whole time. Went there right after dinner with Herlecki. You must have seen us go."

"Obviously, then, Count Herlecki did not remain with you long."

"You're right." Lonnie's teeth snapped. "It wasn't enough that he was marrying my daughter's fortune. He demanded a cash settlement. It didn't take me more than five minutes to send him about his business."

"Where did he go after you sent him from the study?"

"How should I know? Pushed off somewhere, I suppose."

"And you remained in your study?"

"I've said so."

"Alonzo," Constance said mildly, "Dr. Kilgore is only trying to help us."

Lonnie looked at her sardonically. "Really, Constance? I'm sure he'll be grateful for your support."

Constance's wide shoulders shrugged, a little hopelessly. She walked over to a window.

At this point there was a commotion in the hall. Olivia slipped out.

King turned to Constance. "You don't mind telling me how you spent the early part of the evening?"

"Of course not," Constance said. "You and I and Olivia were here after dinner. You went out suddenly—where, I don't know. Then I went to the desk in the solarium where I've been writing thank you notes for wedding presents."

"And Miss Olivia?" King asked.

Constance looked blank. "Olivia? Why—why, she was in and out, I guess. To tell you the truth, I didn't notice. I was concentrating on the present list." Her jade-colored eyes were troubled.

KING nodded and went to the door. Judith remained, and Judith, he hoped, might be responsive.

As he opened the door, Olivia confronted him—and Pen was with her. King nodded to Pen. "Good girl. That was fast work. I'll see you later. Right now hop upstairs and find Judith. Stay with her until I come up. The butler will stow your things somewhere."

Then he turned back to the group in the library. "You people better stay here until the police arrive. And when they do, tell them just what you told me. And I suggest it had better be the truth."

King turned and went into the hall. Halfway up the stairs he collided with Pen. There was a baffled look in her eyes. "I'm a hell of a bloodhound, King," she said in a thwarted voice. "I can't find Judith anywhere."

King's voice was calm but serious. "We've got to find her—and damn quick. Come on."

As he spoke, a light tread sounded behind them. Constance Horne was hurrying up the stairs. Seeing King and Pen, she stopped.

"I'm worried about Judith," she said abruptly.

King's body tensed; but there was a queer, eager look in his eyes as they roved Constance's set face. He said evenly, "Where is Judith, Mrs. Horne?"

Constance brushed past them without replying. She gained the head of the stairs, hurried down a long, dimly lit hallway, with King and Pen at her heels. Near the end of the hall she paused and turned. Her face was shadowy in the half light.

"This is Judith's room," she said, and flung a door open. "I—I left her here." Her voice quivered. "I don't know what could have happened!"

"Think!" King said sharply. "Any other place she might have gone?"

Constance snapped her fingers suddenly. "This way."

She swung on her heel and started up the hallway again, fairly running. Just past the head of the stairs, she opened another door. King and Pen, pounding behind her, found themselves in a huge bedchamber.

"She won't be here," Constance flung over her shoulder. "This is her father's room. Mine's next."

Constance's room was lighter and smaller. A glance showed them that it, too, was unoccupied. But Constance went on into the bathroom. At one end was a large glass panel. Constance seized it and slid it back. A sudden glint hit King and Pen full in the eyes.

Mirrors. Mirrors on four sides of a small dressing room. An ivory-satin dressing table with a mirror top. An ivory-satin chaise longue. On the floor a white fur rug. And a subtle hint of Arpège everywhere, clinging, slightly decadent.

On the fur rug, her blue evening gown rumpled, her legs curiously, almost pathetically twisted, lay Judith Horne. Her face was the color of gray chalk.

Constance uttered a stifled scream. But King was kneeling at Judith's side. His fingers pushed back the long full sleeves of her dinner gown, feeling for the pulse.

Something hard came suddenly between his fingers and her wrist. He brushed at it irritably. The thing moved an inch, stopped—and King looked down. Then his hand covered it hastily. But not before his eyes had seen a dull gold band and a red flash—the red malignant flash of rubies.

King straightened. "My case," he snapped. "In the car. And make it subtle, Pen. I don't want any one up here."

Pen slipped from the room.

Constance, on her knees beside the still, white figure of Judith, raised the girl's head slightly off the floor. Her right palm smoothed Judith's forehead.

King said softly, "Better leave this to me, Mrs. Horne. Please open the bathroom window. She needs air."

Obediently Constance got to her feet. King began gently opening Judith's eyes with thumb and forefinger.

"SHALL I call her father?" Constance whispered nervously.

"No. Sit down. Smoke a cigarette, or something."

Then, for a moment, King Kilgore forgot the world—forgot it looking into eyes whose pupils were contracted almost to pin points. Presently he gathered Judith in his arms, placed her on the chaise longue.

Pen appeared. She handed King his bag. "Nobody noticed me and nobody followed me."

"Oh, yeah?" It was a voice with a kind of cold crackle in it, like a steel whip. "That's what *you* think, young lady."

A tall, thin, stoop-shouldered man slouched in the doorway. He gave an impression of complete grayness. His hair was thin, graying at the temples. His eyes, behind steel-rimmed spectacles, were gray, uncompromising. His suit was of an innocuous shade of gray. But from the fingers of one long hand came the bluish gleam of an automatic.

Pen gave an involuntary gasp. But, as if there had been no interruption, King waved his hand.

"Sit down," he said sternly—"all of you. And keep quiet. Stethoscope, Pen."

The gray man in the doorway stepped inside the room and leaned against the wall. The gun remained poised in his hand. But his eyes riveted on the face of Judith Horne, deathly white under its faint make-up.

Pen suppressed another exclamation and opened the case. King, oblivious of the room and its strange occupants, listened to Judith's heart. Blood pressure next, and it was low. Finally he signaled briefly to Pen, who whisked the instruments back into the case.

"Now, then," King said. "For the benefit of those who came in late, the patient will live. And for the especial benefit of Mrs. Horne, who couldn't be expected to know, the artilleryman is Inspector Myers of the New York Homicide Squad. What's the gun for, by the way, inspector?"

Myers said in a cold impersonal voice, "What was it doing in your car, Dr. Kilgore? Aside from murdering Count Herlecki?"

"My car?" King reached for the weapon. "Well, I've got one like it at home." He handed it back to Myers.

"That," said the inspector, "remains to be seen."

Pen flamed. "Look here, Mr. Myers. If you're insinuating—"

"Easy, Miss Ives," Myers interrupted, shifting his cold eyes to the still figure of Judith. "What's happened here?"

"Damned if I know," King growled. "Nobody gives me any time to find out. Just as I start, you come in, babbling about guns. I haven't had a chance to make up my mind."

Myers let a second pass, then said, "All right. We'll go down and have a question-and-answer party in the living room. If this girl's sick or something, Miss Ives can stay with her. I understand you weren't here at the time of the murder, Miss Ives."

King squared his big shoulders. "You're crazy, Myers, if you think I'm leaving this girl now. It's Judith Horne, and she's in bad shape. Furthermore, I'll need Miss Ives to help me."

Their eyes clashed, and finally Myers said, "Which one's speaking, Kilgore, the doctor or the criminal investigator?"

King's voice cracked suddenly. "Get out of here, Myers! I'm busy."

His clipped tone had its effect. Myers slipped the gun into his pocket and turned, beckoning to Constance.

"Well," Pen whispered above their retreating footsteps, "now that we're alone, what is wrong with Judith?"

"She's drugged," King said shortly. "To the eyes. Look around the bathroom, will you? I'd like to see the drinking glass."

He had already sent a quick glance about the dressing room and had found no glass there.

Pen returned from the bathroom. "No glass there," she said.

She sat on the chaise longue at Judith's feet. "Is she in any danger?" she asked softly.

"No," said King.

"Look," Pen said. "You know you sent Myers and Mrs. Horne away so you could talk to me. Well, go ahead. I'm listening."

King grinned his sidelong grin. "Omniscient wench, aren't you? O. K., lady, I'll talk. But first, here's something that will intrigue your fancy."

He reached over, rolled back Judith's sleeve. The ancient bracelet, its rubies blood-red, glared up at them. Pen regarded it unmoved. "So what? Girl meets bracelet, that's all."

"Listen. I found its twin on Count Herlecki when I stumbled over his body."

Pen whistled. "On the count? But— Hey, I've got it. You remember the handcuffs in all the publicity? That would mean that—"

"I'm half a lap ahead of you. Judith and the count were already married. Secretly. Listen, Pen." He gave her a crisp sketch of the entire evening, then said thoughtfully, "Why did Judith come running out of the house just when she did? Did she know the body was in the car? Had she been watching me from somewhere? And just why did Olivia go to all the bother of getting me down here, and then show not the slightest interest in my opinion of Judith? Answer me those imponderables, Pen."

"I," said Pen, "am not Information Please."

JUDITH stirred suddenly. Her long black eyelashes flickered. She gave a little moan.

"Look, King," Pen said. "She's coming out of it."

"Not yet she isn't." King reached for his black case. "Get her ready for a hypo."

"I don't get this, King," Pen said.

"I'm giving her nothing but sodium amytal," King said. "Listen, Pen. A smart girl could find the mate to this in two seconds."

His hand had gone to his coat pocket. Now he brought it out, opened it. In the palm lay a small but exquisite aquamarine earring.

"Now what goes?" Pen said wonderingly. "You keeping a woman in a halfhearted sort of way?"

With his forefinger King lifted a tendril of dark hair that covered Judith's right ear. The mate of the aquamarine earring glowed in the soft light.

"O. K.," Pen said. "A magician couldn't do better. But what does it prove?"

"Not a thing until you know where I found the first earring. Which was in the back of my car. And all that's left of Herlecki had a death grip on it."

Pen's hand went to her forehead. "The police—do they know?"

"No," King said. "I confiscated the little bauble immediately. Myers or any other cop could hang his Sunday hat on it."

As he spoke King reached over casually and took the alcohol-soaked cotton out of Pen's hand. With an equally casual movement he touched it to the toe of one of Judith's slippers.

A slight rustle from the door of the bathroom attracted them.

Olivia Horne stood in the doorway of the dressing room. Her wrinkled face was sardonic under its heavy mask of make-up. She stared at them a moment, then turned abruptly. They heard her footsteps pass through Constance's bedroom and die away.

For a second the little dressing room was silent. Finally Pen said in a low voice: "She saw you wipe off that blood. Myers will know about it in two minutes."

King shrugged. "Well, I'm going to take Judith to her room now. You'll have to undress her. And one thing more. No matter where they assign you to sleep, I want you in the sitting room off Judith's bedroom."

"Expecting anything special to occur?"

King's eyes were veiled. "I don't know," he muttered. "But if it does, scream like hell."

In Judith's room, King laid her inert body on the great canopied bed. Then he turned to lock the door leading into the hallway. There were two locks, one operated by an ordinary key, the other a special Yale lock. He secured them both.

Then, putting an arm around Pen, he drew her into Judith's sitting room and indicated the door. Like the one in the bedroom, it was equipped with two locks. "Listen," he said. "The instant I step into the hall, lock yourself in. These ought to keep out anything but a ghost. And if a ghost comes"—he smiled down at her—"well, turn on all your sex and beauty and you'll stop him cold. Night, Pen darling. See you at the scrambled eggs."

He bent swiftly. His lips were soft on hers, and for the fraction of a second her hand clung to his sleeve. Then he was gone. Behind him the locks of the sitting-room door clicked.

At the head of the stairs he ran into Lonnie Horne, Olivia, and Constance. Lonnie was bristling. "These damn police!" he snarled at King. "Thousands of them overrunning the place and asking idiotic questions." His face was flushed, his eyes curiously dilated.

"Usual police routine, Mr. Horne," King said.

"What's the matter with my daughter?" Lonnie demanded.

"A combination of shock and overexcitement, I think. I've given her something to make her sleep."

"That you, Kilgore?" It was the crisp voice of Inspector Myers sounding from the lower floor. "Come down here a minute, will you?"

"Be with you in two shakes," King called over the banister.

Just then Wilson, the paunchy butler, appeared out of nowhere. "Dr. Kilgore's room is ready in the right wing," he said deferentially, his eyes on Olivia.

Olivia said, "Wilson will show you to your room. He will also take care of Miss Ives."

King followed Wilson down the hall. He touched the butler's arm. "Listen," he said. "The room can wait. Get me out of the house the back way, and be quick."

His tone was crisp, authoritative. Wilson, imperturbable as ever, led him down the back staircase. Two seconds later King stood again in the chill fog-choked night.

CAREFULLY he made his way around the house until he was beneath the window of Constance Horne's bathroom. Going to his knees, he took out a pocket flashlight and began playing it over the grass. Once he found what he was looking for, he'd follow his nose straight to a brandy bottle.

Something in the fog moved. At the same instant the beam of a flashlight more powerful than his own hit him squarely between the eyes.

A voice with a metallic ring said, "Why, Dr. Kilgore, what a time to be picking violets!" Then the voice hardened. "Just what are you looking for out here?" Myers demanded.

"Well," began King, "it has to do with astronomy." He grinned. "Seriously, I was looking for a drinking glass—the one out of which Judith Horne was doped. I think it may have been thrown out of the dressing-room window. You see, this is the kind of house where things are done right. They've a million servants around, dotting i's and crossing t's. So, when I find a bathroom without a drinking glass, I get suspicious."

"I see," said Myers. "Maybe you've got something."

King suggested, "Better have your boys look around here. What say you and I start a bottle of brandy and chase it out into the open?"

Myers nodded. They found Wilson's portable bar in the library. King splashed brandy into two tumblers. He sipped his drink slowly and said nothing. Myers spoke, too casually.

"In the morning," he said, "I'm taking Judith Horne in."

"Why?" King started. "Don't be silly. You haven't a thing on her."

"No?" Myers' eyes darted at King like steel bullets. "And another thing. You're a nice guy, Kilgore—but, you give that dame one more shot of the needle to keep me from questioning her, and I'm taking you in with her. And I'm not fooling."

"Myers," King began, "you may be a chief inspector, but underneath you're just like any other dumb cop. You aren't happy unless you're clicking bracelets on somebody. You—"

He never finished it. In one swift whirling motion he was across the room, the brandy glass crashing to the floor. Then he was in the hall, racing to the stairs. He took them four at a time, Myers hot on his heels.

Pure terror had lurked in that dreadful sound from above, but its abrupt ending was even worse. Fingers of steel might have clamped around a slender white throat, choking off the terrible cry.

Then he was at the door of Judith's sitting room, his fingers twisting the knob, a broad shoulder pushing against the door.

The knob turned, but the door did not open.

"Pen!" King shouted. "Can you open this door?"

His voice rang through the hall, died away. No sound came from within Judith's sitting room.

King's weight smashed against the door. It held, rock solid. Myers, still panting, stood just behind him. Back of Myers, Constance, Olivia, and Wilson the butler made up a small muted semicircle.

"Come on, Myers," King said swiftly. "We'll have to kick her in. Stand back, everybody."

But just then, suddenly, the door opened.

It opened part way. And King blocked off Myers with a wide shoulder, slipped through the opening into gray half light, and slammed the door behind him.

PEN was just inside. She slipped naturally into his arms. Her body was long and slim and silken. King gripped her shoulders.

"Come on, quick! What happened? What made you yell like that?"

A fearful pounding sounded on the door.

"Get this open!" came in the voice of Myers.

"The law wants in," King whispered. "Feel strong enough to face it?"

"Forget the law. Just hold me. Oh, King, did you ever see a ghost?"

"Ghost? For heaven's sake, Pen, keep it out of the supernatural. What did you actually see?"

"I don't really know what I saw! I locked the door, just as you said to. Then I went in and looked at Judith. She was all right. So I came back in here and lay down on the couch. I must have dozed off. And then, all at once, I was wide awake."

"What woke you?" King's voice was sharp.

"Honestly, I don't know. But all of a sudden I knew there was something there—at the door. It was a hand and an arm. The hand felt around and—and sort of fumbled. Oh, Lord, King, I'm not cut out for this business. I ought to be in the suburbs, changing diapers."

Myers smashed at the door again. The shock actually rattled the windows. "Open it or I'm busting it open!"

"Look," King whispered softly, "we've got to let him in. Tell him exactly what you told me."

Pen nodded. King opened the door.

Myers came in, closed the door behind him. His face betrayed no suggestion of irritation. He addressed King first. "Beat me to it this time, didn't you?"

He wheeled on Pen and his voice cracked like a pistol shot. "Well, what was the screeching for?"

"It'll probably sound like much ado about nothing. But, as a matter of fact—" Pen told him.

Myers listened, his gray eyes darting from Pen's face to King's.

"Have a gander at that door, Myers," King said, "and see if you don't see something funny."

Myers walked across the room. An exclamation escaped him. "Geez, a regular lock and a special besides."

"Well, I locked both of them," Pen said.

"Sure." King nodded. "And yet, unless you were having a fit, somebody got a hand inside the room. Where's that take us?"

Myers said, "Naturally, the hand had keys that would open both locks."

"Head of the class, Myers, but let's go further. Queer kind of lock for a bedroom door, that extra one, isn't it? Suggests that somebody might be afraid of somebody else around here, eh?"

"It does for a fact." Myers scratched his head.

Suddenly King bent down. He came erect again at once, his fingers holding a key.

"Of course this would have to be here," he said. "The intruder worked it out of the ordinary lock with a skeleton key or piece of stiff wire. And had a duplicate to open the regular lock as well as a key for the extra one. Make a note, Myers. Question is, why are the bedroom doors in this house equipped with enough locks to keep out Hitler?"

Myers started. "Did you see any more like this?"

"I did. On Mrs. Horne's bedroom door."

"Well," said Myers, "I'll go to the mat with Horne about it in the morning."

"Listen, Myers," King said. "How many men have you got posted in the house?"

A crafty expression ghosted around the corners of Myers' mouth. "Not a man. That is, except myself."

King grinned appreciatively. "Nice work, inspector. In other words, no hurdles for our killer, in case he wants to work overtime."

"That's the general idea. I figured that might happen, and the quicker we got him the better, because—" He stopped, looking at Pen.

"Go on," said King. "In spite of the way she bays at a ghostly hand, she has cast-iron nerves."

"O. K.," Myers said. "Because it's my guess that there may be another murder."

"Well, now, isn't that just too lovely!" Pen said. "There's going to be another murder, this room has already been entered, but I'm to go on sleeping in it. Well, my only regret is that I've got but one life to give to the police department." She glanced at her watch. "Heavens, it's three thirty. If we're going to sleep tonight, would it be out of line to suggest that you two Arabs are in the wrong tent?"

Myers grinned. "I'm on my way. Coming, Kilgore?"

"On our way," King said.

Inside five minutes he was back, knocking softly on Pen's door.

"It's the murderer," he whispered through it—"bringing rich gifts."

Pen opened the door and surveyed him. He had a bottle of brandy in one hand and two glasses in the other. "Well, well," Pen said. "Close the window and let's get informally cockeyed. I'm a woman walking in the shadows, and anything goes."

"One of these can be yours," King said. "The other's for Judith. I've got to talk with her."

King went with Pen through the little hallway that connected Judith's bedroom with the sitting room. He watched as she held the glass to Judith's lips. Judith stirred and the color flooded into her face.

King bent over the bed and asked gently, "What's the last thing you remember drinking, Miss Horne?"

The girl's effort to pull herself back to normal was obvious.

"I know," she said at last. "A glass of milk."

"Who gave it to you?" King asked sharply. "Where did you drink it?"

"Why—why, upstairs, I guess. I have one every night."

King urged, "Do you remember what happened here tonight, Miss Horne?"

A queer look came into Judith's eyes. "I remember that Franz was killed. Shot, wasn't he?" Her voice was cold, impersonal.

King and Pen exchanged glances. Pen spoke softly: "Do you know who killed him, Judy?"

"Why, no. Why should I? But I—I found him."

Recollection came blazing into her eyes. She looked at King, then shrank back on the bed. "You killed him," she said flatly. Then, for the first time, she seemed to recognize Pen. "Why, Pen Ives, what are you doing here?"

"I'm Dr. Kilgore's secretary, Judy. And really, dear, he's not a murderer. Listen, darling. He's only trying to help you."

King was suddenly businesslike. "And now, Miss Horne, why did you leave the house after dinner? Whom did you meet?"

Judith said simply, "I just went out for a walk. I didn't meet anybody. Not a soul."

King's lips tightened. Then he fumbled in his pocket and brought out an earring. "Look here! Does this make any impression on you?"

Judith said tiredly, "It's mine, but I haven't worn that pair lately."

"Not later than this evening," King said.

"But I didn't," Judith insisted. "I wore my pearl earrings. They went with my dress." Her hand moved toward her ears, and presently came away, an aquamarine earring between thumb and forefinger. Her eyes were black frames for a queer, baffled look.

King said, "If you aren't the murderer, somebody around here is trying to make it look as if you are. And if you're innocent, the only way I'll be able to clear you is to get at the truth." Suddenly his voice became sharp. "When were you married to Count Herlecki?"

Judith's head jerked off the pillow. She looked hard at King, and then her head went down. "We sneaked off yesterday and hunted up a J. P. You see, the family had it in for Franz, and he—well, he was afraid something might happen. And since we were going through the ceremony here anyway, I didn't see that it mattered."

"It doesn't matter to me," King said. "But I do want to warn you there's a man named Myers here from the New York police who will question you in the morning. My unsolicited advice, Miss Horne, is to be honest with him. Understand?"

Judith nodded. "I'll try to be."

"And now," King said, "go to sleep and don't worry."

DAY came in, grim and sullen. The fog had lifted but the sky was a leaden waste. A vicious wind raised fitful whitecaps on the pewter-colored sweep of the Sound, clawed at the house on Portugal Point.

King woke up at eight o'clock. He stretched and yawned. Ten minutes later, having shaved luxuriously, he was splashing in the shower.

Dressed in a herringbone suit that Pen had brought in his bag, he made his way to the solarium through which he had escaped from the house the previous night. On the threshold of the room he paused.

Constance Horne stood at one of the windows, her eyes fixed on the formal garden beneath it.

"I saw Judith a few minutes ago, Dr. Kilgore," she said as soon as he went in. "She seems perfectly all right this morning."

"Needed sleep," King said briefly. "She was overwrought, overexcited."

Constance turned her eyes on him, and now they were like deep jade disks. "Even before this—this happened," she said, "Judith was under a great strain." She hesitated. "I think you're entitled to know the background here. You see, the family have always dominated Judith. She was opposing them for the first time in her life, and she was frightened." She moved closer to him. "Please be frank with me, Dr. Kilgore. Just what was wrong with Judith?"

"All right," King said. "Judith was living in another world last night, Mrs. Horne. I don't mean to sound dramatic, but—well, the truth is, she was drugged. Terribly, dangerously drugged."

Constance swayed a little. Her left shoulder touched King's, and he could feel her body quiver. He put his arm around her shoulders.

"Are you sure?" she said incredulously.

"I hope," he said, "that I haven't been wrong about you. I thought last night, Mrs. Horne, that you were perhaps the one person here who could help me. I mean, help me to get at the truth of this business."

Constance seemed to steady. "I—I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be weak, but what you said came as a shock. I'm all right now. And I will help—all I can."

"Thank you." King looked up suddenly.

Inspector Myers paused in the doorway of the solarium, looking sardonically at King. Over his shoulder peeped the frightened face of Millard, the gatekeeper.

"By the way, Myers," King said affably, "I nearly forgot to ask you a favor on behalf of Mr. Horne. He asked me earlier to tell you he's not up to much this morning. Would it interfere with your plans if you questioned him later?"

Myers had started for the hall. Now he wheeled. "When did you last see Mr. Horne?"

"Half an hour ago."

"Yes. And where was he then?"

"Pacing nervously about the hallway as I came downstairs. Why?"

Myers moved to the door. "Because it happens," he said evenly, "that Mr. Alonzo Horne has disappeared. And ten bucks says you know where he is." His cold gray eyes raked King. "I'm seeing you later, Dr. Kilgore."

King went up the stairs two at a time. The upper hallway was deserted. He slipped along it noiselessly to the door of Alonzo Horne's bedroom.

He knocked twice sharply, then turned the knob.

There was no one in the room.

Impatiently King pressed an electric switch. He closed the door and leaned against it a second, his eyes taking in details. Then he crossed to the closet.

The closet was almost a room in itself. About fifty suits, neat on their hangers, met his gaze. Shoes were legion. King burrowed between the suits and thumped the wall at the back of the closet. It seemed as solid as granite.

Withdrawing from the closet, he went into Lonnie Horne's bathroom and opened the medicine chest above the washbowl. A heterogeneous array of bottles, patent medicines, unguents, and shaving things confronted him.

"For my money," King muttered, "he's a hypochondriac." He began opening and sniffing bottles and jars. It was useless. Lonnie's medicine cabinet was entirely innocent.

King stepped back and let his mind focus on the room as a whole. It was certainly a most extraordinary bathroom, and on the small side, he thought. He shook his head and returned to the bedroom.

THE door leading into Constance's room was closed. King went over and pressed his ear against it for several seconds. He heard no sound. He threw the door open abruptly.

The spacious bedroom was empty. He crossed to the bath, knocked discreetly on the half-open door, got no response, and entered. For a moment or two his eyes traveled speculatively over the walls, concentrating on the particular wall that, interrupted by the partition dividing the room, was merely an extension of the corresponding wall in Lonnie's bathroom.

Suddenly King's eyes narrowed. His tongue clicked softly. The next instant he almost leaped back into Alonzo Horne's bedroom. As before, it was vacant.

He crossed the bedroom in two strides. The bathroom was just as he had left it—small, commonplace, and unoccupied.

It was then that King exhibited an almost unholy penchant for meddling. Practically nothing in the room escaped his attention. He pulled open the medicine cabinet again. He turned on the water in the washbowl, in the bath and shower. He climbed on the large scales in one corner, weighed himself, ran his hand up and down the scale. He touched the various towel racks, letting his fingers run along them.

He was about to go down on his knees to examine the tiles in the floor, when the tiny bathroom seemed to break its silence and creep into life.

It was a soft, oiled sound. Fascinated, King watched as the wall that extended some four feet from the end of the bathtub to the wall dividing the bathroom from Constance Horne's bedroom appeared to lose itself within itself. There was a click and a slight jar.

A black void, incongruous and somehow hideous in this small brilliantly lit room, gaped at him in a kind of stretching silence.

There was neither time to wonder at this phenomenon nor to ferret out the mechanism which had produced it. Conscious of the probability of interruption, he bent and stepped inside the opening in the wall.

Straightening carefully, he found that he could stand erect in this inner and Stygian chamber. But, for the moment, that fact completed his knowledge of the place. Darkness seemed to whirl about him. And the bathroom lights were no help. They penetrated only a few inches into the inky curtain of gloom.

King snapped on his cigarette lighter.

The feeble torch was inadequate against the solid blocked blackness, but it served to indicate that the queer unsuspected chamber was practically bare of furniture. He cast the light about and it told him nothing.

He moved to his left then, one hand outstretched. His fingers groped through the blackness, touched something hard. It was a wall, and he put the cigarette lighter close to it. The beam revealed that the wall was made of cork, solid and impervious, yet curiously yielding to the touch.

Feeling along this wall, his knees struck against a low object. Bending farther and flashing the lighter, he found that he had bumped against a low couch covered with monk's cloth.

Something slugged him!

It came out of the dark, swift, sudden, jarring. His body struck the couch, bounced on the elastic springs. The shock saved him from a knockout.

His brain cleared in time to take in the image of a black shape bending to ghost into the lighted bathroom. There was a slither, a scuffling sound, then quiet.

King jerked off the couch. The room grew slightly darker. Then he gathered himself and sprang like something shot out of a gun.

The panel that held the secret of this inner room was moving. Sliding. A slow, ominous slide.

King's bound carried him to the panel. A quick bend of his supple body, and his shoulder was braced against it.

He pushed with all his strength. The panel moved back a foot, but instantly slid forward again. Once more King jammed his shoulder against it. Back it went, reluctantly, and King hurled himself through the narrow space, staggered out into the bathroom.

Shaken and perspiring, he hurried down the hall to his own room. He bathed his face, applied iodine judiciously, and then started downstairs to hunt up Pen and some lunch.

As he reached the stairway he halted at the sound of footsteps. Lonnie Horne was coming down the stairs from the third floor. Constance was with him, her hand on his arm. And the master of Portugal Point looked nervous and shaken. Now what, thought King, had he been doing up in the servants' wing?

As they came nearer, Constance said, "He's all right. He wasn't really missing."

It was apparently the last thing she should have said. Alonzo Horne jerked his arm from hers. "Will you, for heaven's sake, stop pawing me!" he said.

Constance's eyes, a look akin to defeat in them, met King's momentarily, then swerved away. Her chin trembled.

After lunch, King mounted the stairs to the third floor. A door at the extreme end of the hall was ajar. He pushed it open and stepped into a huge studio. Even on this dull day, light poured through a tremendous skylight. Upon the gray burlap walls hung a myriad of small, badly executed paintings, each in a fabulously expensive frame. And every one of the pitiful things bore the bold signature, "A. Horne."

So this was Lonnie's escape!

DINNER that night was a strained and formal affair. And after dinner they gathered again in the beamed-ceilinged library. King took up his favorite position, his back to the huge fireplace.

He was wondering where Myers was. The cold-eyed police inspector had been absent for some time now—which suggested he had found a clue which he was running to earth.

The fire at King's back crackled and sputtered. Other-

wise the room was quiet, save for desultory conversation. Lonnie Horne huddled in an armchair in the darkest corner. In King's mind, Alonzo was the odds-on favorite for the honor of having slugged him in that mysterious room. Olivia sat uncomfortably erect on the edge of a high-backed chair. But her eyes were venomous. They needled scornfully around the room, focused on Constance refilling coffee cups, then flashed to Pen idly thumbing a magazine. They followed Judith, slim and darkly beautiful, prowling restlessly around, the tiny demitasse cup in her hand.

"Judith," Olivia said sharply, "will you, for heaven's sake, sit down?"

Constance's hand, reaching to set down a cup, shook suddenly, upsetting the empty cup into its saucer. The tiny clatter was like an explosion in the charged atmosphere.

Lonnie Horne sprang out of his chair like some one goaded beyond endurance. "What's the matter with everybody?" he shouted. "Here we are in the midst of a murder, and what's being done about it? Not a thing!"

"You'd be surprised at what is being done, Mr. Horne," King said.

Lonnie glared at him, and retired again to his corner. Olivia waited for silence, then said, making it sound important, "Well, I think I'll write some letters. There are so many presents to return."

Her angular figure crossed the room to a writing desk near Lonnie's corner retreat. She riffled papers for a moment, then began to write. King, glass in hand, walked over to Lonnie Horne. Olivia's pen made a scratching sound as it raced over the paper.

"Been interested in painting long, Mr. Horne?" King asked. "I stumbled over your studio this afternoon, and was interested in the pictures."

"Painting is merely a hobby with me." There was a subdued eagerness in Lonnie's voice. "I'm only an amateur."

Olivia couldn't resist the opportunity. She turned around in her chair. Her spectacles were halfway down her beak of a nose. "Two amateurs together, it seems," she said.

"Those pictures you saw are purely local," Lonnie Horne said to King. "I have others from the days when we used to go abroad summers."

Olivia was sealing an envelope. Her tongue seemed to dart viciously at the paper, like the tongue of a snake.

"Years ago," Lonnie told him, "I used to go to Gascony. A little place near Arcachon. Damned if I can remember its name. But there was a pine woods, near the sea." He raised his voice. "Olivia, what was that town in France? You remember, the place where they had all those pigeons?"

Olivia took a stamp from a small metal box, licked it, and banged it into place with her fist. "I forget," she said without turning around.

King glanced at Olivia. She had commenced another letter and seemed momentarily at a loss for a word. She sat hunched in her chair, her left elbow resting on the edge of the desk. Her chin was in the palm of her left hand. There was a suggestion of age, even of decrepitude, in the set of her shoulders.

"Damn it!" Lonnie Horne's voice cracked so sharply that King snapped to attention. "Mental lapses annoy me," he heard Lonnie say. "Look here, Olivia. You must remember the name of that infernal French town!"

There was no reply from the writing desk.

"Olivia," Lonnie said loudly, "I'm speaking to you."

Olivia did not move. Silence seemed to crowd the great shadow-filled library.

"Of all the exasperating women—" Lonnie began. He stopped, and his head gave a surprised jerk as King shot suddenly past his chair.

King had just one impression as he raced across the room—that of Pen springing to her feet. Then he was at the desk. His shoulders brushed against Olivia's left elbow—and Olivia seemed to crumple and fall forward. He caught her before she crashed against the desk, and her head rolled drunkenly in his arms.

His quick fingers felt her wrist. There was no pulse, and no breath against the back of his right hand, held close to her mouth.

A log in the fireplace crackled suddenly. The noise broke the screaming tension. A visible shiver ran the length of Alonzo Horne's slim body. He took an uncertain step forward. But Constance moved more decisively. She jumped off the couch and rushed across the room. The others came crowding behind her. But King held them off.

"There's not a thing you can do. Miss Olivia is dead."

FROM the doorway came a light shuffling sound. Inspector Myers stood there, his piercing eyes focused on King.

"What," he demanded in a dry voice, "is going on here?"

King shifted slightly to give him a full view of the figure in the desk chair. Myers stiffened, then crossed the room like a gray cat.

"What did this job, Kilgore?" he demanded harshly.

King said, very deliberately, "Only one or two things could have done it. My guess is pure essence of nicotine. There's nothing deadlier. Look here!"

Myers looked into the gaping mouth. He gave a start. "How was it introduced? In this coffee you've been having?"

King shook his head. "That stuff acts instantly, and Miss Horne finished her coffee before she went to the desk. She wrote one letter, sealed the envelope and stamped it. I saw her start another letter, and all at once she slumped. If it's nicotine, it could have easily been smeared on the glue of the envelope."

"Sit down, all of you." Myers' voice rose, cracked like a whip. "Who here knew that Miss Horne was intending to write letters?"

King answered for the company: "That was common property. She stated that intention at lunch today."

Myers moved to the desk. Covering his fingers with a handkerchief, he gingerly detached an envelope from a number that stood in a pigeonhole, and studied it under the desk lamp.

"Well?" King said.

Myers inclined his head. "Looks as if it's been monkeyed with, all right."

He went to the door and called an officer. "Take these people to the dining room," he said. "Keep them there until I come." Then he added, "Not you, Kilgore," as King started to follow the others.

King came back, and Myers moved to the telephone. Sergeant Sullivan was to get there on the double—bringing, it seemed, every officer he could lay his hands on. Myers banged the receiver into place.

"Some one around here goes in for drugs and poisons," he said. "And I'm finding them, if I have to tear the house down."

"Keep in mind," King advised, "that your killer has already struck in two different ways. He may change his method next time."

"There isn't going to be a next time!" Myers said grimly. "By the way, Kilgore, I've caught you watching Mr. Horne. Why so much interest in him?"

"I'm no more interested in him than in the others," King said.

"What about that studio place he keeps upstairs?" Myers shot at him.

"There's a wealth of interest there," King admitted.

"You're telling me! Especially if some of those paint tubes turn out to have narcotics or poison in them. Listen, Kilgore. Did you know that Alonzo Horne is in a financial jam?"

A look of intense interest came into King's eyes.

"So!"

"Yes. It seems that the way he manages this estate has been under question for some time!"

King whistled softly. "I see. By Olivia?"

"None other. We even turned it up that she's tried to have her brother declared incompetent and herself made sole executor. And now do you see why I'm going to have those paint tubes analyzed?"

Myers summoned a policeman, detailed him to stand guard over the body. Then he went to the dining room.

"That's all for tonight, you people," he said. "Everybody go to their rooms now."

The company filed out, shepherded by Sullivan. King moved to the sideboard, found a decanter of whisky. He poured himself four fingers, then said to Myers, "Look here, Myers. I've got a couple of patients who are critically ill. I suppose I can run up to town."

Myers stared at him. "You're bats. No. You're staying right here. And so am I. Until this mess is cleared up." He hesitated a moment, then said, "I wish to heaven you'd tell me what you're on to, Kilgore."

King gulped the drink. "If I told you, you'd toss restlessly all night, and we want you fresh and eager for the jousting in the morning." He slid out of the door.

THE walls of King's room seemed to shake. The jarring impact broke the spell of sleep. He sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes, became aware of a queer flapping sound, then hurled the covers aside and sprang for the window.

He banged it shut. The storm outside was wild enough weather for a grim morning.

He looked at his watch, saw it was eight o'clock, and went into the bathroom.

Before leaving his room, he went to his bag and took out a pair of rubber gloves. Cramming them into his pocket, he went along the hall to the stairway. At its head he almost fell over Pen, sitting on the top step, her hands clasped around her tweed-covered knees. Her face was pale and drawn.

"Hello, gorgeous," King said. "Standing in for the last rose of summer?"

"You needn't point out that I look like a hag," Pen said. "I had a bad night."

"It happens," King said. "But this is tomorrow now. Let's get breakfast."

King let Pen go on into the dining room, while he sauntered to one of the windows flanking the front door. An empty police car was parked in the driveway. As he stood there, another car drew up. Myers, in a burberry and fedora, got out of it. The plain-clothes driver followed him. They ran through the rain to the house.

They stamped in, water dripping from their coats.

"Geez!" panted Myers. "What a day! Hello, Kilgore. What are you up to this morning?"

"Just about to have breakfast," King said. "What about you, inspector? Have you pinned the nicotine on Mr. Horne's paint tubes?"

The inspector hung his hat and coat in a closet near the door. "You were right, Kilgore, about it's being nicotine," he said. "Some of those envelopes had enough on them to kill a horse. Haven't got the report on the tubes yet."

King moved toward the dining room. "Well, see you around."

FIFTEEN minutes later, as King and Pen left the dining room, King whispered, "Now, Ives, I'm on my way to confirm some more opinions. By the way, did you find out the name of the family doctor from Judith, as I asked you to?"

"His name is Faxon, and he's in Port Washington."

"Good," said King. "Then so long—and here's your program for the day. Don't let Judith out of your sight. But stay where you're near people. Keep within screaming distance of Myers' men at all times. In other words, Pen, be on your guard every minute I'm gone. I can't emphasize that too much."

Pen shivered slightly. "You make it sound as if—as if something horrible were impending," she said. "Tell me one thing, King. Do you know who the murderer is?"

His eyes moved away for a second. Then he looked at her again.

"Yes," he said somberly, "I know who the murderer is. But I couldn't prove it in a million years. That's why I'm going to New York—to get proof."

"You," Pen said, "are going to get into trouble up to your eyes. Besides, you haven't explained—"

The sentence died on her lips. King blew her a kiss and was gone.

He walked casually past the detective patrolling the front hall, and went straight to the closet where Myers had hung up his coat. He reappeared with the still wet coat over one arm. In his other hand, held not too obtrusively, was Myers' fedora. At the door he paused and began putting on the coat. The cop came back along the hall.

"Rain or no rain," King said carelessly, "I've got to get a breath of air."

It was a dangerous moment. Would the detective recognize the sodden coat as belonging to Myers? But the round blue eyes of the law remained dull with disinterest. King jammed Myers' hat on his head, pulled the wet brim over his eyes, opened the door. He pulled the door shut and ran for it.

Myers' car loomed before him. He leaped in, grabbed for the ignition switch. The driver had left it unlocked. A second later King was tearing along the driveway, tiny Niagaras of rain cascading off the windshield. King pressed the accelerator to the floor and took the winding avenue of trees at a reckless burst of speed.

While still under the trees he opened up the police siren. Its banshee wail rose long and strident over the roar of the wind.

Then he was out of the trees. The gatehouse lay a hundred yards ahead. Beyond his misty rain-spattered windshield he could see figures at the gates—a crowd and a number of parked automobiles on the other side of them.

The siren got results. He was fifty yards from the gates when they began to swing open. . . .

King slowed just outside of the town. At a decorous twenty per he entered the main street, merged with the traffic for two blocks, apprehensively passed a cop on duty, then made a right turn. At that point he abandoned the car and walked the few blocks to the railroad station.

Entering a telephone booth, he rang Dr. Faxon of Port Washington and spoke with him for a few moments. Then he went outside. A taxi lurked near the station platform. King got into it.

"To New York," he told the driver. . . .

It was exactly half past twelve when King entered the office of Dr. Richardson. The white-uniformed nurse who presided over the reception room of the famous neurologist informed him that the doctor was out making calls, but she expected him back in half an hour.

"I'll wait," King said. He took a magazine and sat down.

The periodical held his attention for all of two minutes. Then he tossed it onto the table and looked at his watch. Twenty-five minutes more to wait. And Dr. Lou Richardson was notorious for never being on time. King fumed in impatience.

He'd have given a good round sum to have avoided the enforced absence from Portugal Point. But, damn it, Dr. Richardson was now vital to the case. If the thing that had slowly taken shape in the back of King's mind were true, he was up against the most cold-blooded killer in his experience. A clever killer, one who struck in the shadows and disappeared into them, leaving him nothing but shadows to fight.

Dr. Richardson came in so quietly that King almost jumped when his voice sounded from the threshold of the reception room.

"Hello, King. Come to see how the other half lives?"

Dr. Richardson was a big man with a full smooth-shaven face and blue eyes that twinkled behind gold-rimmed spectacles. King grinned at him and said, "See here. When you have an epileptic for a patient, why the devil don't you attend him?"

Richardson stared. "You'll have to clarify that."

King said, "All right. Alonzo Horne is an epileptic and a patient of yours."

Richardson blinked in surprise, then said, "Correction. The word is 'was.' Alonzo Horne was a patient of mine. He discharged me last year. But don't tell me, King, that you're mixed up in the Horne murders?"

"Up to the eyes," King said. "In fact, I'm being retained by the Hornes. Now then, how about a verbal case history of friend Alonzo? Also, anything you may know about the Horne family. I assure you, it's extremely important."

Dr. Richardson talked for ten minutes. "And that's all," he said at the finish.

King frowned. "Well, listen, Rich. You said that Horne has an aura. He knows when a seizure is coming on. He's hypersensitive and egotistic at the same time. Wants no one to know of his weakness."

"Particularly his daughter," Richardson cut in.

"Yes. That would fit. What I'm driving at is the fact that Horne has a concealed room, and retires into it when he feels a seizure coming on. Did you know that?"

RICHARDSON nodded. "Yes. He told me about it once, and I cautioned him against going there during a seizure. He disregarded my advice, no doubt. But has this room any bearing on the case?"

"I don't know," King said slowly. "Have you anything to add, Rich?"

Richardson reflected. "Only one thing," he said finally. "In the last year that I attended him, Horne's sensitiveness was growing on him. At one time he did a great deal of traveling. Europe, South America—God knows where. Gradually, though, he cut it out. I think he got afraid of not being able to get the quantities of sedatives he needed in foreign countries. I remember, for example, that he was concerned about that before he went to South America two years ago, and I gave him a note to the Medine Institute in Rio, authorizing them to supply him with luminol."

King said, "Did he take his daughter on these trips?"

"Sometimes," said Richardson. "Sometimes not. She was in South America with them. The whole family went that time. Well, King, that's all I know."

Outside, King hailed a Sky-View and directed the driver to the Cornell Medical Center. There he sat in the library for two and a half hours, poring over a dozen different volumes. At the end of that time an attendant approached him deferentially.

"Dr. Mayfield has just come in, Dr. Kilgore."

It was a very brief interview. Before five minutes had passed, Dr. Mayfield was reaching for the telephone. "I think I can get the information you want," he said. "Where will I get in touch with you?"

King gave the telephone number of the Horne residence and left the hospital. Everything now hung on that telephone call of Dr. Mayfield's. If it confirmed the terrible suspicion in his mind, the murderer would be trapped and his case closed.

Rain still blanketed the city. King cursed it as he walked rapidly to the curb, scanning the sloshing, dripping traffic for an empty cab. And then, all at once, King Kilgore stopped short. He had almost overlooked it! Right in his own office, only a few blocks across town, lay something that might make his solution of the problem airtight.

His watch said five fifteen as he slipped his key into the door of the penthouse. He crossed the foyer in three long strides. Then, on the threshold of the living room, he stopped dead.

A fire was burning in the fireplace, casting low shadows about the room. And on the divan in front of it sat Inspector Myers, a cold smile turning up the corners of his lips.

King gasped and took a quick step forward. Eyes like black needles burned into the inspector's.

"You fool!" King said harshly. "You unutterable fool!"

SIRENS wailed in the gathering dark. The headlights of the police car glowed redly on the mudguards of the motorcycles ahead. The sirens sounded like the cries of lost and bewildered beasts. And traffic on the Queensboro Bridge got hastily out of the way. The driver of the police car curled freckle-spotted fingers around the wheel, said out of the side of his mouth, "Geez, chief, we're askin' for a crack-up, steppin' on it on a night like this."

From the back seat Myers snapped, "Shut up and drive!" He turned to King. "I've taken a lot from you, Kilgore. You've played fast and loose with me all through this case. I let you do it because—"

"I'll tell you why you did it." Beside him King's taut figure sat forward. "Because you were stymied, Myers. But even so, I never expected you to leave Portugal Point today. I counted on your being there."

Myers said defensively, "If you hadn't played your cards so close to your vest, I—"

"In following me," King said, "you left the Horne house unprotected except for a parcel of numskulls. And a mass killer loose. Can't this guy get up more speed?"

Myers leaned over, spoke to the driver. The car leaped forward.

Just now one thing was troubling King more than anything else. He had no idea what he had touched, or in what order, that had opened the secret panel. His brain was working now, throwing itself back.

Up ahead the sirens were screaming through a traffic light. The motorcycles turned left. Hard behind them the freckle-fingered driver spun the wheel. It was the turn-off for Portugal Point.

King sat up, rigid, his eyes staring hard past the driver's shoulder and out through the spattered windshield. Suddenly, however, he drew from his pocket the file on Count Franz Herlecki's case history, snatched from his office just before he and Myers left. He scanned it quickly, nodded, and replaced it in his pocket.

The driver was finishing in style. Tires sang over wet concrete.

King was out of the car before it came to a full stop, tearing for the house. Myers was right behind him.

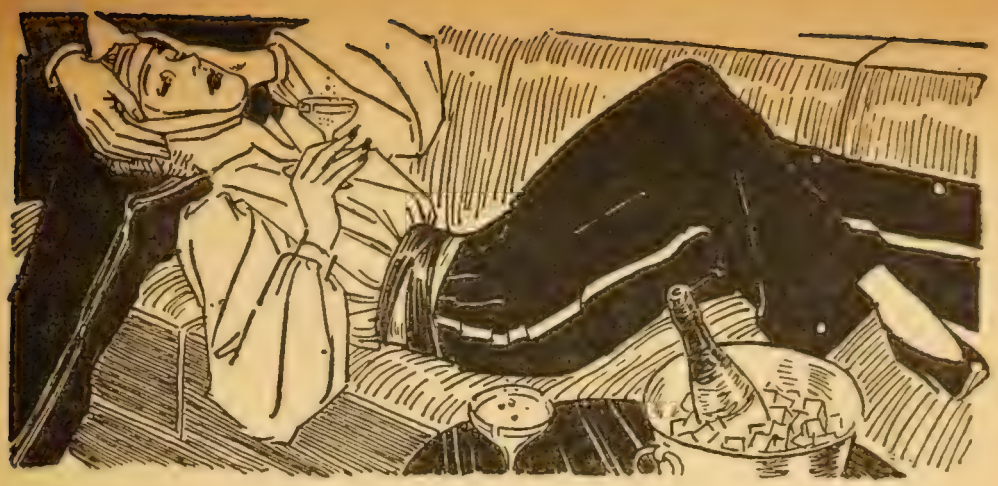
King flung the front door open swiftly. Elbowing policemen to one side, he went straight to the library. Wilson, the butler, stood in the corner, brooding over his bar wagon.

"Where is everybody?" King demanded.

"The family has not come downstairs yet."

"Why not? It's time for cocktails, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir." Wilson's face was bland.



An oath escaped King. He spun swiftly on his heel and ran into the hallway. Sergeant Sullivan, his great moon-face remarkably calm, was sauntering along it.

"See here," King said abruptly. "What's been going on here this afternoon?"

Sullivan blinked. "Why, nothing. Been very quiet."

The word "quiet" seemed to crash against King's brain. That was it—quiet! He had felt it the moment his feet crossed the threshold. The house of Horne was too quiet.

"Come on, Myers," he said. "I don't like this!"

King was already racing up the stairs. Myers followed.

Judith's sitting-room door stood wide open; the fire burned low. Fairly dragging Myers after him, King pounded into the bedroom. It, too, was empty.

Fear swept over King now in an icy wave. "Myers, we've muffed it!" he exclaimed. "We're—too late."

All at once King's fingers snapped, and suddenly he streaked for the door.

Alonzo Horne's bedroom was dark, but there was a little light in the bathroom; and in the middle of the floor in that curiously small room King paused.

"For heaven's sake, Myers, don't breathe," he whispered. "We might still have a chance."

The instant the words left his lips he forgot Myers. Thank the Lord for those few minutes of lucid thought when the police car was roaring over the road to Portugal Point—for the kind of brain that pigeonholed details of past events.

And then, even as they stood drenched in the garish overhead lights of the little bathroom, it came. A sound so low that it seemed to seep to their ears rather than burst upon them. A choked scream, subdued as if a hand had suddenly been clapped over the mouth that uttered it.

Silence again.

King Kilgore tore across the room. He wasn't wrong. He couldn't be wrong! His mind had recalled with the vividness of a photograph every move he had made on his previous visit to Alonzo Horne's bathroom. He simply walked straight to the towel rack on the extreme right.

The little switch button concealed in the enamel at one end gave under his touch. King pressed it hard.

There came a low, oily sliding sound. The wall below the towel rack seemed to be falling away.

King's left hand stabbed back. His fingers closed around Myers' wrist. They bent together, stepped through the opening.

It was as if they had walked into some ghastly crypt devoted to human sacrifice. One weak yellow electric bulb burned in the low ceiling, casting a pale and struggling light. The walls, a sickly composition of yellow and brown, seemed to close in about them stiflingly, choking off air. The place was bare of furniture, save for the small monk's-cloth couch pushed against one wall. And on the floor by the couch was a bottle. The frail light from overhead glinted on the glass. There was a dank smell in the room, and, intermingling with it, the heavy odor of chloroform.

On the floor near the couch lay Pen Ives. Only the eye of a professional could have detected at once the faint rise and fall of her breast.

King's eyes swept in those things in the split of a second, then riveted on the two figures in the far corner of the room. He took a swift step forward.

Constance Horne was on her knees in the corner, crouching and pressing against the wall. Her hair cascaded about her face. One arm was raised futilely, almost foolishly, as if to ward off a blow. And over her, a terrible, absorbed look on her face, stood Judith Horne. In her right hand, down at her side and somehow grotesquely held, was a small hammer.

King's voice was little more than a vibrant whisper: "All right, Miss Horne—it's all over."

Judith's head moved slowly until her dark eyes, curiously opaque now, were burning into his.

"I—I—" she began unsteadily. Suddenly her head dropped to her breast.

Then King walked up to them. He lifted Constance to her feet. She staggered, leaned against him. A queer aphrodisiac scent came to him from her loosened hair.

"Oh," she moaned, and her weight was heavy against him. "What possessed her?"

As he helped Constance to the couch, King's eyes never left the dazed, faltering figure of Judith. Constance sank back on the couch.

Very slowly King reached out and took the hammer from Judith's limp hand. "It's all over," he said again, gently. "So the hammer was the stage prop this time, instead of an earring. Well, we know where you've been getting the drugs, and we've traced the nicotine— Myers, grab her!"

Constance Horne had made her last brazen effort.

She was off the couch like a wild thing, racing for the opening. But Myers was in front of her. Almost automatically his shoulder dropped. Constance struck hard against it, stopped, spun around, faced King. Her eyes in the feeble yellow light were terrible. Her face was a livid, savage mask. Then, all at once, it seemed to wrinkle and crack and break up.

"Yes!" she screamed at King. "I killed them!" Her face crumpled completely. "Damn you, you were the only one that stood between me and my whole plan!"

THE Venetian blinds in King's penthouse were down, against the sticky weather. On the coffee table in front of the divan a bottle of champagne wallowed in a silver ice bucket. And, on the divan itself, Pen Ives put a slim and experimental finger to her bandaged head. But she couldn't examine it too well, because the head lay in Dr. Kilgore's lap.

"You're very fascinating in that headpiece, darling," King smiled down at her. "But, fascination aside, you're just a gal who stuck out her neck."

Pen shuddered. "I did just that. But you've no idea how frantic I was when I got back to Judith's rooms and found her gone. I had stayed with her, just as you told me. Then she asked me to find her father and bring him up. And when I came back to tell her I couldn't find him—no Judith."

"So," King said, "you rushed through the house baying at the top of your lungs and, of course, warned Constance.

I suppose she just flattened herself against the bathroom wall and whammed you with that little hammer when you looked in there."

"Guess so. Honestly, King, when I saw Judith stepping into that dreadful hole, I nearly died!"

"Sister, you nearly did—no fooling."

"You really think, King, that she meant to kill both Judith and me?"

"That," said King, "is just what I think. She was watching her chance to get Judith into that place. You handed it to her, smothered in watercress, when you went downstairs. She must have persuaded Judith to get rid of you when she was with her earlier in the afternoon. But then, when you barged into Lonnie's bathroom and began discovering things, you had to be killed too. Oh, Mrs. Horne was a charming woman."

"Just what did happen while I was unconscious?" Pen asked.

HE told her, omitting only the details of that one dreadful moment when Constance Horne had clapped the nicotine capsule into her mouth, crunched it viciously with strong white teeth, and then died before their eyes.

"She was dynamite, Pen," King added. "Even at the last, when I opened the panel, she made that desperate effort to brazen it out. She simply thrust the hammer into the half-doped girl's hand and tried to switch positions with her. She was great on planting things, was Mrs. Horne. Witness Judith's earring that we found on Herlecki."

"What I don't understand," Pen said, "is why Judith and I aren't dead now. She evidently had time to kill us before you got there."

"We'll never know that, exactly. My guess is that Constance wasted time doing a little private gloating over Judith. And another thing. There wasn't much air in the secret room, and when she tried using chloroform on Judith, it must have slowed up Constance herself a bit."

"You might inform me, darling," Pen said, "what led you to pin it on Constance in the first place."

"Little things all along the way," King said reflectively. "The moment I set foot in the Horne house, it was apparent that Olivia and Lonnie were in the habit of brushing Constance off. Why, they even brushed her off at meals. Didn't you notice her ignominious place at the table? On Olivia's left? No self-respecting wife could take that, Pen. But Constance was taking it—a trifle too well. That was inconsistent with her personality. Constance Horne was a strong woman, Pen. Strong and resourceful."

"But being belittled is hardly a reason for wholesale murder," Pen said.

"Certainly not. But, over a period of years, it engenders hatred. And, in Constance's case, you have to add frustration. You see, Lou Richardson told me this morning that, when they were in South America, Constance tried to leave Alonzo. But he stubbornly refused to let her go, and he held the purse strings. He wouldn't give her a penny. I suspected there might be a man behind her desire for freedom, and Judith tonight confirmed this. Constance had been interested in Count Herlecki herself. It was she who had introduced him to Judith in South America. But he would have nothing to do with Constance because she had no money. Chafing under Herlecki's coolness toward her, she decided to make a clean sweep of the whole family. If Alonzo wouldn't give her anything, she figured to get everything."

"And Judith's marrying Herlecki became part of her plan?" Pen said.

"That's it. The moment Judith married, she would come into her fortune. It was Constance who put the idea of the secret marriage into Judith's head. She got scared when Alonzo and Olivia showed so much opposition to the wedding, and she had contrived to be the one person in the household in whom Judith confided."

"And with Judith dead the money would have gone to Alonzo. I suppose he was to be the next victim." Pen said.

"But definitely. You and I, Pen, can see the fallacy of it, but a mass murderer doesn't reason logically. If Constance hadn't been a woman with an obsession, she'd have realized that by killing everybody else off she'd leave herself in the most suspicious spot in the world."

"All this," Pen said, "is very instructive. But it still doesn't tell me how you came to suspect Constance in the first place."

A smile lit King's dark face. "Constance herself informed me that she was the probable murderer. Do you remember when we were trying to find Judith before we eventually did find her in Constance's dressing room? Well, she told us that the last time she saw Judith was upstairs. She must have had a mental lapse. Because a few minutes before she'd told me that she hadn't left the library since dinner. That put me on the scent."

"And if that hadn't been enough," he went on, "I began to be interested in the Hornes' South American trip when nicotine reared its ugly head. The Medine Institute in Rio is famous for its research on nicotine. So this afternoon I got the Medical Center to telephone them, and, as I half expected, Constance Horne had done voluntary work at the Institute. She must have pinched some down there.

"Then I learned about Constance's interest in Herlecki and how she suddenly switched and encouraged Judith to marry him. Her plans were pretty deep, you know, and she knew how to wait her time. I'm certain he knew that Judith was being doped, but it made it easier for him to influence her. When he and Judith got married secretly, he had to be killed at once, before Judith made a will in his favor. I probably gave her quite a turn when I showed up unexpectedly on the very night she'd set aside for the killing.

"But she was a bold piece and went through with it. She got him outside, evidently suggested my car as a likely place for conversation—then, when he leaned over to light a cigarette, she let him have it. I don't know why he was sitting upright when I found him. Possibly some convulsive muscular movement jerked him up, or she may have put him in that position out of some macabre sense of orderliness."

"Did you ever find out," Pen asked, "who hit you in the secret room?"

KING laughed. "Lonnie Horne, without a doubt. He won't admit it, of course. But I'm sure he'd gone in there—maybe he felt a seizure coming on—and when I barged in, he got panicky and swung. And now, Penelope, no more questions. I promised you champagne at midnight." He got up, lifted the bottle from its bed of ice.

The champagne cork popped. The wine foamed whitely. Without spilling a drop, King filled two glasses.

Pen took hers in a slim, long-fingered hand. She raised it. "Well, here's to you, King. With you around, 'In no man's hat murder may hide.'"

King started. "What brought that on?"

"Don't you recognize it? I culled it from an old English poem—Cursor Mundi. Just a good old Saxon way of saying that crime doesn't pay."

"The hell," said King, sitting down on the divan, "with the Saxons."

"Absolutely." In genteel and unobtrusive fashion, Pen contrived to get her head back into his lap. She stretched her body deliciously. There were a lot of things in the world to worry about, but just now she couldn't be bothered with them. Because King's commission hadn't come through yet, the status quo was still the status quo, and tonight was—well, it was tonight.

"Kilgore," she said softly, "you're an incurable wastrel. Throwing your money away on champagne. Oh, don't think I'm scolding. I could even be kissed in this jaded atmosphere."

She was kissed, just as the clock struck midnight.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THE question of overseas mail is raised in so many letters that a digest of the newest official regulations seems in order now.

As of January 15, 1943, the V-mail letter is the only type of letter assured of *overseas* transportation *by air* to points at which reproduction installations for V-mail are available (the British Isles, Iceland, Greenland, Australia, the Near East, the Southwest Pacific, the Hawaiian Islands, and India, with North Africa soon to be added.) Ordinary letters bearing air-mail stamps will be disregarded in so far as *air* transportation to these points is concerned.

Aerial gunner

No package may be sent to a soldier overseas unless it contains an article that has been requested in writing by the soldier, and the request approved by the commanding officer of the soldier's battalion or similar unit, and the sender must present the request and O. K. to the post office to secure acceptance of the package. Each package must weigh no more than five pounds and measure not more than 15 inches in length, and 36 inches in length and girth combined. The Navy's regulations about packages are the same as the Army's, except that a sailor's written request and his C. O.'s approval are not required; but only one parcel will be accepted from the same person in any one week.

Magazines and newspapers may be mailed to a soldier only by the publisher and only if the soldier is the subscriber (no special permission required). The mailing to soldiers overseas of single copies of magazines and newspapers has been discontinued.

The reason for these latest limitations is the necessity of eliminating waste in the interest of military efficiency. Especially important is the enormous amount of cargo space consumed by packages, many of which contain objects already supplied by the Army. Similarly, cargo space in airplanes must be conserved, and this can be achieved by V-mail, which takes only 2 per cent of the space required for ordinary mail. V-mail is quick and safe—15,000,000 letters have been sent by this method without the loss of one.

Soldiers' mail from their families and close friends is welcomed and encouraged by the Army now as it has been in the past. The Army discourages correspondence from strangers and casual acquaintances because the great majority of such letters means little if anything to the average soldier. So says the Army, and the Army should know by this time.

Save the cargo space, whether by sea or air, for vital war materials—and help to win the war faster.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

In your department in December 5 Liberty a private saluted the aerial gunner as "the most courageous and daring man of all the armed forces." I must say that made me feel pretty good, because it happens that I'm one of them. But it just is not so, and I am in a position now to know it.

Here in this hospital I am associating with men from almost every branch of the service. Many of them were wounded in action on islands in the South Pacific. For some of them active participation in the war is over. Yet every one would go back to the front if he could. They are sick and sore in body only; their hearts and minds are strong and clear. There isn't a "beef" in a carload, no whimpering, no bitterness. That is the kind of men our soldiers have turned out to be. As I said, they come from all branches of the service, so there can be no one singled out for such a special salute as the private gave.

When I can walk the streets again I shall feel that my uniform makes me the best dressed man in the world—an American soldier. I have never been so happy in all my life as I am here, among the finest bunch of men on earth.

Sgt. Gunner R. C. O.,
O'Reilly General Hospital,
Springfield, Mo.

You're pretty grand yourself, Sarge.

* * *

Is it true that no man who has been convicted of a felony may apply for Officer Candidate School? Several years ago I was convicted, in Federal Court, of counterfeiting. Since then I have worked my way through college and was doing research work before I was inducted. I think I had made a respectable place in society for myself. I want to try for O. C. S., but apparently I am blocked by regulations. Is there any way in which I can obtain a waiver?

Pvt. C. P. J., San Antonio, Tex.

Army Regulations say: "No applicant who has been sentenced to confinement in a penitentiary or who has been convicted in any civil court or military court for an offense denounced by the 92d, 93d, or 94th articles of war or which is denounced as a felony by any Federal law will be accepted." Yet I understand that there is a possibility of obtaining a waiver if conviction of a "heinous crime" is not involved and a man's record has been excellent otherwise. Suggest you write to the Adjutant General's Office (if your C. O. approves), state your case, and ask for a waiver. If it is obtained, then it can be attached to your O. C. S. application for forwarding through the usual channels.

Soldiers' Home

* * *

Don't you think it would be a good idea to cancel that forced contribution of two bits a month for the Soldiers' Home? We regulars have been paying it since 1932 and quite a lot of money must have been accumulated. I say to leave it in our pay envelopes, so we could buy another War Stamp each month.

Cpl. B. R. S., Fort Flagler, Wash.

Well, the Army has met you three fifths of the way. Enough funds for the United States Soldiers' Home in Washington, D. C.,

are now on hand, so that the monthly deduction from the pay of warrant officers and enlisted men of the Regular Army could be reduced from twenty-five to ten cents as of the first of the year.

* * *

My son writes me he has been assigned to the cadre at an Engineer Replacement Center. Now just what does "cadre" mean? Permanent personnel? Will he be in it for the duration, or for a certain length of time, or is he still liable for overseas duty?

Mrs. W. C. R., Arion, Ia.

A cadre is a skeleton force of trained personnel on which a larger unit will be activated. The assignment of a unit or organization can be permanent, but not that of an individual. For instance, Private Jones may be assigned to the Umpty-Umth AAA, which has a permanent installation, but Private Jones can be transferred anywhere and any time he is needed elsewhere.

* * *

Please state where information about the following can be obtained. (1) Is it possible for an Air Corps officer to request reclassification without transfer to another arm or service? Example: A communications officer desires to become a squadron adjutant, in the belief that he is better qualified for the latter duty. (2) Can an officer who has been commissioned through the Air Corps O. C. S. ever achieve a Regular Army commission?

"Shavetail," Overseas.

(1) Look up A. R. 605-230. I can find no indication therein that an officer may not request reclassification through his C. O. at any time. (2) W. D. Circular 80, dated March 17, 1942, will give you the dope on appointment in the Regular Army—it's too lengthy to quote here.

* * *

I would like to suggest that the metal mirrors in Army washrooms be replaced by glass mirrors. This would serve a double purpose: (1) the boys would actually be able to see something while shaving, hair-brushing, etc., and (2) many tons of needed metal would join the scrap pile.

Pvt. J. G. P., Scott Field, Ill.

As one who has suffered with those metal mirrors for many years, I cannot help but applaud your suggestion. Of course the breakage of glass mirrors would be higher, but I should think we could afford it.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o [illegible] East 42 St., New York.

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

WOMEN who traveled abroad before the war used to be particularly fond of clean, comfortable, scenic Switzerland, with such winter resorts as St. Moritz, where social activities at the Palace Hotel were directed for fifteen years by the American dancer, Billy Reardon. Home at last, Billy's been giving me word pictures of Switzerland in wartime.

"For the first time in years," he says, "the Swiss can skate and ski without waiting on foreigners. No more Norwegian skis, but they make 'em out of Swiss pine instead. Young men are all in the army, their places on farms being taken by Polish refugees. Order for Swiss mobilization came at 5 A. M., and by six forty-five every man was at his post. Magnificent organizers, they've rationed everything but snow and yodels, and every one gets exactly the same ration. Old clothes must be turned in and weighed before buying new. Foreign visitors are required to pay full expenses in advance for an eight-day stay, or they can't come in. So strong is the feeling of national honesty that there have been no black markets. No one tries to cheat. Blackouts are solid black, however, and there's no heat after 9 P. M. Cars run chiefly on charcoal, but can't climb hills on it. Every three months the Swiss take in 20,000 undernourished French children for a treatment of free feeding."

TEXAS Notes from Waco: At Baylor University they have a swivel theater—the first I've seen. Members of the audience sit in swivel chairs, and there are separate stages on three sides. Instead of waiting for scenery to be shifted, you turn your chair to face a different stage for each act. . . . Midwinter roses of Texas in bright red bloom. . . . Girls filling bombs with TNT at a local war plant must drink quantities of sweet milk and take two baths a day, or the TNT yellows their skin. Sweet milk is the only preventive; buttermilk doesn't work.

Good thing for other munitions factory girls to know.

MORE and more it is smart for us women to understand Washington ways. Roland Young's new book, This Is Congress, does a clear explaining job. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf; $2.75.)

THOUGH we haven't yet had any call to contribute Bundles for Africa, a War Department announcement discloses the fact that our troops on that continent are being supplied with bags of beads, perfumes, colored cloth, and assorted notion goods to trade with the natives.

I should think that this would offer an opportunity for thousands of American women to go through their bureau drawers and eliminate tons of outmoded glitter they no longer wear or need.

And what fun it would be to see which of us could get together the most bedazzling Bundles for Africa.

MAPLE-SUGAR fans will like this very economical recipe for *Maple Gingerbread*, an old Vermont specialty introduced to me by a friend now teaching at fashionable Bennington College. . . . Mix 1 cup maple syrup, 1 cup sour cream, 1 egg. Sift 2¼ cups flour and stir into syrup mixture along with ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons powdered ginger, 1½ teaspoons baking soda, ½ teaspoon nutmeg.

Beat the batter well, then add 4 tablespoons melted butter; pour into flat pan; bake 40 minutes in moderate oven. . . . Serve as plain cake, or try the old Vermont trick of sandwiching 1 slice between 2 slices buttered white bread. For parties, top with a seven-minute icing made of maple sugar.

NEW on our own gadget market is the simulated leather cover for Ration Book No. 2, retailing at 25 cents.

Also the cards of matches for the fathers of newborn babies to give away with the usual cigars, each matchcard printed with the slogan, "It's a Boy!" or "It's a Girl!" Box of 12 matchcards costs 25 cents.

FOOD INDUSTRIES CALL THE DOCTOR

Continued from Page 23

steam pressure, cooled, labeled, and packed in cases.

Wiegand knew there could be no corrosion unless oxygen remained inside the can. He devised a long exhaust chamber through which the cans travel slowly at a lower heat. Not only is the air exhausted, but the flavor is better. His "long exhaust" is used wherever such foods are canned in the Pacific Northwest.

APPLE growers were another Wiegand patient. They had a market for first-grade fruit, but the second grade and culls were lying in heaps in the orchard. Wiegand devised laboratory methods for an applesauce that would retain flavor and could be produced cheaply, translated these formulas into commercial processes, and watched the applesauce move off to market.

Pear men wanted a new marketing idea. Wiegand baked pears in his own kitchen, took them to class, and set the students to work on a commercial process that would produce the best flavor, make up into an attractive package, and operate economically. He sees his baked pears now on grocery shelves and in gift packs shipped from Oregon orchards to fancy markets.

He and his assistants brought in a sackful of crabs and proved that a steam cooker produces a better flavor than the traditional crab pot.

In 1927 he found a squalling baby on his doorstep—the frozen-food industry. Frozen foods went soft after thawing, instead of keeping their fresh texture and flavor. Investigation showed that slow freezing changes the tiny cells and softening follows, while a quick freeze at temperatures from zero down to minus 20, according to the food, holds the cell walls intact. Many new quick-freeze processes now in highly successful use were incubated in Wiegand's laboratory and developed there and in the federal frozen-pack laboratory established in Seattle, with which he has always worked closely. His mimeographed directions are gospel for the processors.

All the while another puny patient whimpered for his attention. Dehydration was the runt of the food-processing family; it barely kept alive. Wiegand gave courses in dehydration and set students at research to simplify processes, cut costs, retain fresh-food flavors, and turn out new formulas for such ready-to-serve dishes as soups, meat stews, chicken-and-noodles, baked beans, mashed potatoes, and desserts—all dehydrated and packed neatly for retail sale. But he got few takers. His new foods were a standing joke, and he was often disputed when he said dehydration was far superior in many ways to canning and quick freezing.

Except for drying prunes, apricots, pears, and a few other fruits and berries, and a little excursion into drying pineapple, the dehydration industry stayed flat on its back. Wiegand and a few of his students kept the flame burning as best they could. A solitary old-timer at Dayton, Oregon, who dried foods for the sourdoughs of Alaska, was able to astound his customers with the variety and rich flavors of the new products. The Russian government coveted Wiegand and wrote him more and more pressing invitations, backed by substantial sums of money, to head their dehydration work. Australia and India wrote for plans of cheap driers and processing methods. But Wiegand was pretty much alone in his belief that some day his puny invalid would grow into bounding health—which it has.

TO A GOOD COMPANION

Life's a frolic, and Life's a rhyme;
We've laughed a lot from time to time.
But, better still, in Life's rough weather,
I'm glad that we were here together.

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

"Doc" Wiegand can also treat sea food. Scrap fish by the thousands of tons are dumped on Oregon docks between the salmon and tuna seasons. They are tossed into mink and fox pens at perhaps two cents a pound. These scrap fish—Dover sole, ling, and others—are supremely fit for the table, but must be served fresh. Quick freezing is the only feasible method of marketing; but temperatures, kinds of wrapping, pre-freezing treatments, storage methods may vary with each kind of fish. Each variation must be tested over months and years.

Wiegand couldn't finance a study of fish, and nobody else was interested to the point of setting up a laboratory. The state legislature came to the rescue with a poundage tax on tuna and pilchards, with the proceeds earmarked for study of the fish industry. Wiegand assigned a graduate student to a building loaned by Clatsop County at Astoria, accepted donations of machinery, fish, and labor, and set out to operate, as it were, on the kitchen table.

Experiments are far from completion, but already the lusty cries of a new industry are being heard along the Pacific north shore. Quick-frozen fillets of whitefish are going out in bulk to restaurants, institutions, and army kitchens as far as a thousand miles from the dock. Trial packages are on sale beside the frozen vegetables in retail frozen-food lockers, and Wiegand's methods and those of Professor Thomas Onsdorff and Dr. E. W. Harvey, his assistants, are once more pointing the way for salvage of good food.

Wiegand's clinic is full of patients. He's trying out a quick-freeze process for hops to replace the traditional drying method and eliminate the bitter flavor. The cherry canners are back, too, wanting a process to keep cherries fresh for a week or month so the season's pack won't have to be jammed into cans during the hectic days of cherry harvest.

Crab-meat packers, with a lusty demand for their product since Japanese packs are cut off, want his help with a quick-freeze pack; and there is a trifle of discoloration in their canned crab that hasn't yielded to persuasion. The Japanese had a secret process. When Wiegand cracks the secret, the process will be free for every one.

Wait a minute. The phone is ringing. It is Washington calling Professor Wiegand. The nation is at war.

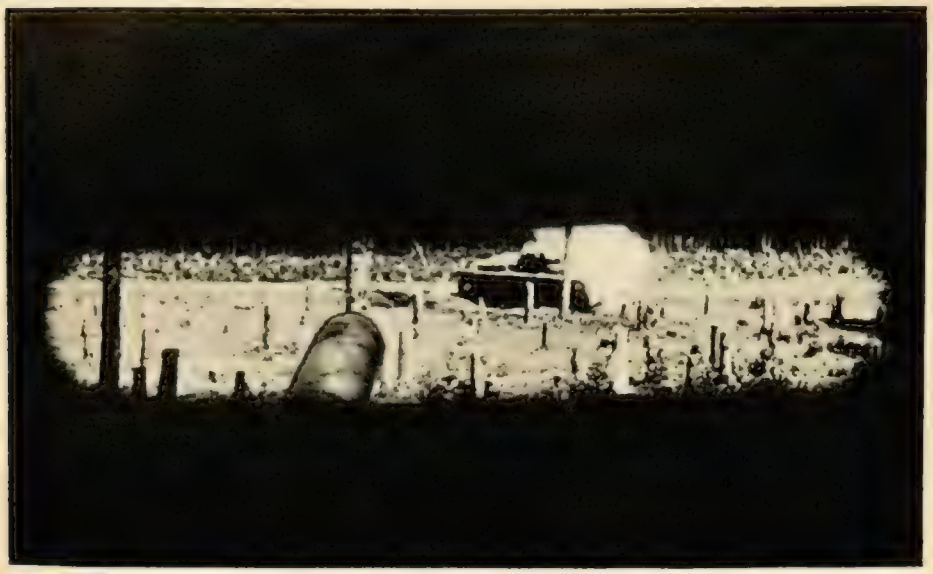
"We've got to ship food halfway around the world, and we're short of ships and short of tin plate, and in a hurry. What about dehydration?"

What else has Wiegand been doing all these years? He thumps his long-time patient on the chest, buckles him into a uniform, and sends him out to fight for his country.

AND Wiegand himself, the man who buried himself in a little Far Western town, is off to the East, giving short courses to men who must fill army orders. He's down South, assisting with a training course for dehydrators. He's in Washington with instructions for purchasing agents who must keep an eye on food factories, judge quality, and insist on grades in dehydrated foods. He's West again to tell his neighbors how to convert prune driers, hop houses, and walnut driers into factories for dehydrating. It's part of the job of helping to win a war in which food may play a larger role than munitions.

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES



The photographer, inside a Red Army tank at the front, trains his camera on a Nazi tank charging directly at him.

The Nazi tank is crippled and on fire. As one of the crew tries to get out, he is machine-gunned and burned to death.

Not all Nazis are willing to die for Der Führer —some are glad for the chance to yell "*Kamerad!*"

BY HARRIET GOULD

ONE DAY OF WAR

WHAT Americans don't know about Russia would fill a picture—and has, the film being the latest edition of the March of Time: One Day of War, Russia—1943. This is by all odds the most amazing war film ever made, awful and startling in its simplicity. The work of 160 official Soviet cameramen (thirty of whom were killed), it is a photographic record of a typical day in Russia.

The collective (and collectivist camera swings from Lake Ladoga to the palm-fringed Black Sea; from bleak Siberia to a Moscow café.

American moviegoers may find it difficult to appreciate that these are things actually happening. A German antitank gunner is casually run down by a massive Russian tank. Blond fine-featured Red Army flyers stand reverently over the mangled body of a gallant comrade. White-faced weasel-like members of the "master race" throw up their hands.

How this picture, over three hours long in the original, reached United States theaters is a good movie story in itself. Walter Graebner, American war correspondent in Moscow, begged a print of it from Russian officials. Spy-jumpy customs officials in country after country didn't like the 175-pound package.

When March of Time's New York editors got through with the film only seventeen pounds were left—twenty-one fight-packed minutes.

Several Soviet cameramen were assigned to submarines to record underseas action.

Russian villagers discover a Quisling and beat him vigorously with brooms as he is led off to be shot.

In this unrehearsed drama, the village turns out to see the Quisling face the Red firing squad.

Guerrillas join army men in street fighting and help liberate a village held by the hated Nazis.

Weapons are precious, so soldiers pick up the guns of their fallen comrades as the battle continues.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"Du Barry Was A Lady" has started something.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or rather, it has re-started something —which is the quest for the composite American Beauty. Artists have been taking pilgrimages to the M-G-M set to see the parade of pulchritude that is passing before the camera.

★ ★ ★

They all come back with raves about the merriment of the occasion, and cheers for the roster of talent that has produced this Technicolorful song-comedy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly are stars in the procession which includes Virginia O'Brien, "Rags" Ragland, Zero Mostel, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

Roy Del Ruth directed. Arthur Freed produced. Irving Brecher wrote the screenplay, Nancy Hamilton adapted and Wilkie Mahoney contributed additional dialogue.

★ ★ ★ ★

But back to the composite American Beauty. It turned out they selected the following features of the Du Barry girls:

★ ★ ★ ★

Kay Aldridge's profile . . . pert and perfect
Hazel Brooks' legs . rounded and symmetrical
Kay Williams' arms . . . . . ditto
Inez Cooper's hands . . delicate and angular
Georgia Carroll's eyes . "Drink to me only..."
Natalie Draper's lips . lips you love to touch
Mary Jane French's hair . . glory as a crown
Aileen Haley's bust . . . Venus with arms
Ruth Ownbey's hips . . . hip! hip! hurray!
Theo Coffman's feet . . . . perfect pedals
Dorothy Haas' ankles . shapely is the wood
Eve Whitney's waist . . . embraceable Eve

★ ★ ★ ★

If therefore you wish to spend an evening with a perfect composite, go see "Du Barry Was A Lady", best musical of the year.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your composite legs will move to the rhythm of the Cole Porter songs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Recommended by the composite American lion.

—Leo

The camera records the moment of a Red attack. The vanguard has already set up machine guns.

After work, factory workers practice defense and guerrilla tactics on the hillsides near their homes.

Nurse Sacha Sekdova, who has rescued hundreds of Red Army men, brings in another wounded soldier.

On the northern front, a wounded Red Army ski trooperisstrapped to sledge pulled by his comrades.

ACTION IN MOROCCO

Continued from Page 16

before dawn the signal was given for the first wave of troops to strike for the beach at Fedhala. I was in a boat that was to go in the second wave shortly afterward.

Now a searchlight shot up in the half light of dawn. That was a signal, we told ourselves, that everything was all right, after all. Our relief was short-lived. A battery on the shore opened up. That second light hadn't been a signal to us. Then I heard the order, "Play ball!"

A cruiser lying between us and the beach let go with a salvo, and then with two more in quick succession. More shore batteries opened up. From down the coast, at Casablanca, came the sounds of falling bombs, shore batteries, and the guns of our battle wagons.

For us, the war was on!

TRACER shells from the shore batteries began to arch through the sky, right toward us. In the boats we ducked instinctively and adjusted our tin hats as the motors roared and we got the signal to go. "The poor guys in the first wave," my coxswain said to me.

Salvos from the battle wagons grew louder. Our boat kept up a zigzag course toward the beach. Somehow the shore batteries were missing us, but not by much. The sea was alive with our landing boats, all headed into that hail of death. The batteries got a boat near us. There were some screams and moans. Some of the soldiers in my boat looked, then quickly looked away.

A pillar of smoke began to puff up above Fedhala. A salvo had struck home. I heard the roar of motors above and to my right. I could see the blue exhaust of several bombers from one of our carriers. They were streaking for a point over the shore batteries.

As our boat neared the beach it was light enough for us to see where the surf had battered several of the landing boats of the first wave. The beach was sprinkled with our dead and wounded—the boys who hadn't made it. The town beyond was all but obscured by a thick tower of smoke. We knew there were huge oil storage tanks right under the guns of the fort, and if they went up it would be just too bad in more ways than one.

One of the five-inch guns to the right was getting the range on the third wave in the boats behind us. I became more worried about the men in that third wave than about those in my own boat and myself.

But just then one of the navy bombers let go with an egg and laid it right in the barrel. That five-inch gun had fired its last shot. There's no telling how many lives were saved by that navy bomber's split-second timing.

In quick succession other bombers passed over the shore installations. As the troops in my boat were jumping out and wading in, our bombers' eggs silenced most of the big guns. This devastating efficiency was no accident. Although many of the pilots were flying over Africa for the first time, they were flying over terrain that was familiar to them. Elaborate dress rehearsals had been carried out at a certain point in the United States. The shore of a certain island had become the coast of Morocco. Squadron intelligence officers, with maps and aerial photographs, had taught the pilots the details of a land they had never seen.

The men from my boat got out, and I headed back for more. One gun on the beach was still belching away when we made the run-in with the second load of men. But it had other targets, fortunately for us, and we deposited the second load and struck out to sea again. Our battle wagons were pouring it on by this time, and Fedhala, once famous French watering place, certainly was a mess.

When we returned to the transports, the troops waiting to be taken ashore yelled at us, demanding that we move faster.

Those boys wanted action and lots of it.

We got word through communications that our cans and wagons were blasting Laval's fleet, and that our naval planes had made mincemeat of harbor and shore installations down at Casablanca. Observation planes were sending radio reports of how things were going on the ground from Casablanca all the way to Tunis, where Royal Air Force fighters and bombers were setting the pace for our invasion forces.

TRAFFIC on the flight decks of the carriers was terrific. Often the pilots did not leave their planes between flights; those who did gulped coffee in ready rooms while intelligence officers questioned them and laid plans accordingly.

One of the pilots had come back from strafing an airfield and had flown so low that he had picked up a bunch of foliage on the bottom of his plane. He said he could tell from the smell of it that he had clipped a eucalyptus tree.

Things quieted down a little by noon. After I don't know how many ferry trips with troops, we started for the beach with a load of gasoline.

As we drew near we saw that the entire stretch of shore was now rimmed with smashed boats. A life jacket fouled in the screw. We lost power. The surf picked us up and slammed our boat on the beach. In a second she swung around, nearly capsizing. Then the next breaker hit us.

Now we were broadside on, and a third wave crashed over the gunwales. The troops jumped, but it was the job of some of us to stick with the boat.

For, over the roar of the surf, I heard a louder roar—bombers. There were other boats coming in for a last landing. The bombers—French—came closer and lower. Then they dropped their sticks. Soldiers on the beach hit their fox holes. Columns of water and mangled boats and men shot up into the air.

I yelled at one of my gunners, and we manned our popguns and let go. A hail of fire from the boats poured up and fell short. Thirty-caliber machine guns aren't much use against bombers. Still, it made us feel better to try to hit back with something.

Now the bombers swung inland. Then down out of some clouds came the fighter escort. They swung low over the beach and began strafing. We swung our machine gun around as they went past, but the hammering surf knocked our aim off and our ribs against the ring mounts of the boat.

McCarthy, my signalman, was out in the surf yelling at the top of his voice, "You——s! Y——s!" As one of the planes headed our way, he grabbed an American flag from the stern of a boat and ran up on the beach to the top of a dune, the flag streaming out behind him. The plane's bullets missed us. Then another plane came down low over McCarthy.

He planted the flag in the dune

FOOTNOTES

Chivalry.

DIRECT HITS

By

ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Alarmists who harp on after-the-war "economic chaos" merely reveal their own lack of confidence. This nation achieved greatness during a century of history's bitterest competition. No new competitors are in sight.

Death on the battlefield seems the ultimate in waste of human life. Yet more American lives were lost through traffic accidents than on the world's battlefields during 1942: one death every fifteen minutes, an injury every twenty-two seconds. How much will gas and rubber shortages, plus reduced speed, cut this toll in 1943?

Japan is small in area compared to such continental masses as Russia, the United States, China, or Australia. Yet it is not the insignificant group of islands many people visualize. Area of Japan proper is 148,756 square miles, compared to Italy's 119,800 and 94,278 for the British Isles.

Add historical "good neighbor" notes: After the Tokyo earthquake of 1923 the American Red Cross donated to Japan ten million dollars' worth of food, clothing, medicine, and other essentials. Japan then sent this message to the headquarters of the American Red Cross: "Japan will never forget."

Recently announced was an aviation gas allegedly so high in octane rating that there must be re-designing of motors to use it. We doubted it until, reading on, we learned what cracking process had produced it: "adiabatic catalytic." That convinced us.

Pass this one along for a smile: An East End London boy, evacuated to the country, attempted to describe a cow. He wrote:

"Under the cow hangs an arrangement for milking. When people milk, milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell and one can smell it far away. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice, so that it gets enough."

and I could see him standing there against the sky line, looking up in helpless fury, when he got it.

Some of our fighter planes, which had been having a busy day, spotted the bombers, went after them, and knocked them out. No sooner had our fighters disappeared than more strafers came over. Apparently these Vichy French planes were based on fields our men hadn't spotted yet.

By this time there were so many wrecked boats on the beach that there was hardly room to land those coming in. More strafers were off in the distance, and we knew they would soon get around to us, so we gathered our wounded together in little groups and piled sand up around them to protect them from bomb splinters.

Still our job of unloading was not completed. There were ammunition, food, and other things to be brought in.

Arabs had by this time swarmed all over the beach, heedless of the bombing and strafing. They were friendly, ragged, and smiling—hard workers, glad to help us in the unloading in any way they could.

ALL night long we continued ferrying supplies to the beach. At dawn I was going in with six boatloads of combat engineers. The surf was getting worse, and we barely made it. We'd have to stop risking our landing boats. We picked up an amphibious tank and rode it down to the harbor, landing on a protected beach inside the breakwater.

Everything seemed quiet there. There were some fine piers and warehouses. So we backed off the beach and headed out to spread the good news. Then, just as we cleared the harbor, some planes came over again. They were high-level bombers, and they began to drop their eggs in a neatly spaced row down the beach. The soldiers in the fox holes caught it, and so did a naval medical party.

We had the situation pretty well in hand the second day. Opposition troops and tanks had begun to converge on Rabat, the capital of French Morocco, north of Casablanca, until navy planes had dived on them and scattered them. By this time our planes had located the hiding places of most of the strafers, and that menace was quickly eliminated.

We were still busy unloading materials on Tuesday, the third day of the invasion. The fifteen-inch turret of the Jean Bart was still firing, so nine navy dive bombers took off with thousand-pounders and silenced it. Opposition troop columns in the vicinity of Casablanca were bombed and strafed, and our dive bombers plowed through heavy flak to get at the big coastal guns and antiaircraft batteries still in action. That laid the groundwork for the capitulation of Casablanca shortly after dawn on November 11.

We had begun operations on a Sunday; now it was Thursday. There were still a couple of days to go before we would have all of our equipment and supplies off. The sea was angry again on Thursday, and we lost more boats.

About five that afternoon, after several ferry trips to shore, I went aboard our transport and went below to catch a little rest before dinner. Our quarters were on the starboard side amidships, just above the water line. I was wondering whether we'd get it again that night. So were a couple of other officers. I had taken off my shoes and stretched out on the bunk when it came—a torpedo that slammed smack into our starboard side, just forward of our stateroom. A German submarine.

The whole ship seemed to lift. Before she could settle we caught another fish just under our quarters. Some explosives went off. The lights went out. Smoke and the smell of oil and powder filled the room. We began listing sharply to starboard. There were three of us in that room, and we got out in a hurry, and slipped and slid across the oil-filmed passageway, then fumbled our way up a ladder to the boat deck.

We got a boat over, and all the life rafts on the port side of the sun deck. For some reason I dashed back to my quarters to get my camera and shoes. When I got back on deck I could see that little time remained.

The Rutledge loomed up against the setting sun, a pillar of smoke and debris towering over her. On our port side the Bliss had got it and was already on fire. The water was full of life rafts, boats, and bobbing heads. Then I remembered—for the first time—that when I had gone below for my camera and shoes I had heard screams of anguish below my room. I hurried below again. The whole starboard side of D deck was caved in. I thought of the boys down in the mess hall and in the engine room. Everything was quiet below there now, except for the gurgling sound of water.

I went back up and down a boarding net into a boat. We circled our ship. Nothing could be done for the boys below the caved deck. We made for the Rutledge. She was down by the stern and looked as if she'd go any minute. We picked a couple of men out of the water and took off one man hanging from a line over the side.

BY now the entire convoy was standing out to sea. The boatloads of survivors headed for Fedhala harbor, silhouetted in the glare of the burning Bliss. As we made the harbor entrance the flames must have reached the Bliss ammunition, for explosion after explosion rocked the ship. She burned most of the night, with sound effects that Hollywood couldn't have duplicated.

Now we stayed ashore. The army had dug in in Fedhala. They were just getting their bearings themselves, the army boys, but they responded nobly when several hundred of us were dumped on them. They gave us blankets, food, hot coffee, and clothes, and put us up in the local cathedral.

Later we were evacuated by train down to Casablanca for embarkation to the States—and another mission. Casablanca harbor was a mess. The Jean Bart was wrecked. The cruiser Le Mott Piquet and two destroyers, damaged, were beached just outside the breakwater. Remnants of sunken ships littered the water.

The harbor was in such condition that some of the convoy vessels were still standing by at sea, waiting for others to unload before they could get in.

We headed back for the good old U. S. A. Just as we cleared the breakwater our ship shuddered. For once it was nothing—just the shock of depth charges dropped by one of our own destroyers.

THE END

MEN, NOT MICE

It isn't fair to look askance
At young men in civilian pants.
They also serve who stay behind
And grapple with the daily grind.
For some are building ships and guns
With which to discipline the Huns.
While some have babies to support;
They, too, have got to hold the fort.
So don't look down your nose, or nag,
Or obviously wave the flag,
Or wonder if they're short a lung.
They'd doubtless rather be among
The men entrusted with the fighting—
That part of war is more exciting.

—MARGARET FISHBACK.

A BATTALION IS BORN

Continued from Page 21

blackening his scowl. "To hell with you," he said under his breath.

It made him sore. What the devil did the lug know about what he liked? He didn't know what he had been playing but he had liked it.

He swung around quickly as some one came inside the door and barked out a sharp command. Nick's scowl deepened as he looked at Sergeant Brannigan. Brannigan was compact, hard, and frigidly aloof. Nick often wondered about Brannigan. He had come to them with Manila and Bataan behind him. He invariably gave Nick the feeling that he was sizing every one up and was a little contemptuous of what he found.

Brannigan barked, "Fall in in front of company headquarters. Snap it up!"

Brannigan turned on his heel and went out. Behind him voices babbled in swift excitement. Inside Nick a voice said, "This is it."

Standing under the camouflage in front of company headquarters, Nick listened to Captain Devins' voice echo that inner voice. Tersely he said, "This is what you've been waiting for, men. When you fall out, Sergeant Brannigan will issue you full battle equipment and check all parachutes. We will take off at dawn for Baluga. A navy task force, transports with troops for a shore landing are already on the way there. You will be preceded by a heavy bombing attack on the airfield at Baluga. The job for this company is to open up the way for the men landing on the shore. You will knock out machine-gun nests and crack the shore defenses. While you are doing this, other groups will go after the airfield. Those men will fail unless the shore landing is successful. So it's up to you."

He paused, letting his eyes run along the silent ranks. "This is what you've been training for. Maybe I've got an outfit worthy of the tradition of the marines. I'll know for sure by this time tomorrow."

AS they fell out, Price Annister murmured, "Good old tradition. This day, my boys, quit you like men."

For once Nick found himself in sympathy with Annister's mood. The stuff the captain was giving them was the same hokum the writer guy had dished out in the magazine story. It was pure malarky, all right. He could tell the captain if he wanted to ask. There was none of that buddy stuff in this outfit. They were just a bunch of guys from a lot of different places having to get along together the best way they could. When they went into action, Nick knew, they would all look after number one, just as they had all done ever since they had signed up.

IT was ten when their big plane canted slightly and curved into a slow descent. An interceptor went by them, its motors snarling viciously as it dropped like a hawk on a Zero fighter. Its machine guns were like the hard roll of drums in the empty sky. Nick heard some one say, "Got it! That's picking 'em off, boy!"

He caught a glimpse of the airfield through the haze of smoke and dust that drifted away on the wind. The bombers had done a sweet job. At one end of the field the camouflage had been ripped away by bombs and fire, leaving the buildings smoking skeletons. Out in front of the hangars, what had been a row of planes was now an irregular line of twisted wreckage that blazed fiercely. Even as he watched, Nick saw an anti-aircraft gun and its crew become the center of an explosion that threw men and wreckage outward into dissolution.

Then, as he followed Abe Grafke's sloping shoulders to the port, he saw the other big plane; saw the parachutes bloom in mushrooms of white below and behind it.

He sucked in his breath slowly. This was it. He knew the feeling. He had known it first in the ring in Madison Square Garden. It came in that second when the roar of the crowd died to a dull murmur and the seconds yanked the stools out of the ring and waited for the clang of the bell. You were all alone then. It was all yours and no one could help.

He had known it again when he first jumped—that second before you launched yourself out into empty air; when inside you turned cold and knew what utter, complete loneliness could mean.

He made each move mechanically, muscles acting automatically. His body for the moment hardly belonged to him. He, Nick Santos, was aloof, detached from it all, actually scared into a sort of sick detachment.

Abe Grafke vanished. Then Nick was launching himself outward. He waited for the tug as the parachute opened. Then he was swaying, suspended in an eternity of air with the earth floating lazily up toward him.

He glanced to both sides and saw all about him the white blobs of the parachutes with their swaying figures beneath. He saw the other chutes, the colored ones, dropping with their loads of arms and ammunition. Then he saw Joe Shulwitz just above him. As he glanced up

GUESS WHO SAID IT

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

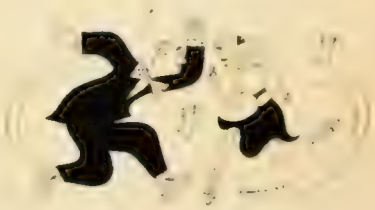
SEVERAL well known people made the statements below. Watch the clues and guess the source. Answers on page 74.

1. *"A public office is a public trust."* It was said by a man twice President but not consecutively.

2. *"The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it."* This from New England's philosopher-essayist.

3. A famous champion, now a sergeant, said, *"We'll win this war because we're on God's side."*

4. His first name is a title; he's a top-ranking composer and band leader: *"It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing."*



5. *"Whatever there is of greatness in the United States, or indeed in any other country, is due to labor."* Well put by a soldier whose face is on the fifty-dollar bill.

6. A Hoosier who visited our allies said of Russia: *"Such a power, such a people, cannot be ignored nor disposed of with a high hat."*

7. She's Scandinavian, an actress, an athlete, who once said, *"Every once in a while romance breaks out all over me like a rash."*

8. A famous Sir with a famous cloak, a poet who was beheaded, advised, *"Bestow thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hast forsaken thee."*

9. You've probably used books from this little Scotsman's libraries throughout the country: *"No man is a gentleman who does not inspire the affection and devotion of his servants."*

10. This famous columnist specializing in gossip is in the navy: *"I usually get my stuff from people who promised somebody else that they would keep it a secret."*

and over to one side, he felt a funny little thrill run through him. Joe gave him a crooked grin and waved. He waved back. Somehow the gesture made him feel better. He was not alone any more. He looked around and the other chutes became friendly and heartening. Nick began to wonder vaguely if this feeling could be that "buddy" stuff.

Then he looked down and scanned the shore line. Offshore a transport was burning. The air above it was full of darting planes, zooming over the cruisers and destroyers, into the mouths of guns that belched flame.

But it was the shore itself that was more important. The line of shore was dotted with invasion barges. A few amphibian tanks were wallowing up through the surf like prehistoric monsters. The white line of the water's edge was black with figures that ran through the water toward the line of brush.

For a moment it was like watching a moving picture. All along the line of figures were those who stumbled and fell forward. They seemed to trip on something invisible and fall. Some of them crawled forward after falling. But most of them stayed where they fell, unmoving.

Hot rage got into Nick's throat. He knew who those guys were. They were the boys he had seen marching in the streets of Sydney. They were the marines he had trained with on other fields under the bright sun—guys who swore about the heat and the grind and the officers. They had always been beefing about something or somebody. Now they were dying in the surf below him. And more of them would die if he and the others with him didn't get down there and get behind the machine guns that were mowing them down.

HIS eyes shifted and he felt icy terror place iron fingers on his stomach. A little brown man ran out of a bunch of scrub and dropped to one knee. He was so close that Nick could see the round eye of the rifle as it picked him up, moving a little to get his sway

He braced himself for the shock of the bullet. It was coming now. This one was for him.

The marine came up from nowhere behind the Jap. Nick could see the white blotch of the parachute where the guy had shed it. He came up behind the Jap with an automatic pistol in his hand. It stuck out two tongues of flame, pale in the blaze of the sunlight. The Jap dropped his rifle, twisted convulsively, and fell on his face.

Nick found himself yelling, "Atta boy, marine!" Then the earth was rushing up at him and his muscles became fluid and ready to take his smooth tumble through underbrush and out of the parachute.

He was picking himself up, automatic in hand, when he heard Sergeant Brannigan's voice bark, "Come on, you guys! What the hell did you think you landed for—to pick flowers?"

Nick glanced around, grinning, and caught the same grin on the faces of Joe Shulwitz and Abe Grafke. Joe was coming up behind Brannigan, shaking himself loose from the chute harness. Grafke was almost down, readying himself for his landing.

Somewhere in the bushes a machine gun chattered. Nick could hear the *zip, zip, zip* of the bullets, like angry hornets.

Abe Grafke jerked convulsively in his harness, kicked spasmodically, then went limp. The parachute dragged him over the ground.

Nick dived for him. Grafke rolled over limply on his back. His grin had stretched itself into a grimace of agony, and his eyes were fixed and staring. His blouse was riddled across the front and blood welled out.

Nick straightened up with the rage turning into hard ferocity. He yelled, "They got Abe! They got old Abe!" In that moment Nick knew he had lost a buddy. In a split second's flash Nick saw him standing at a bar grinning over a beer; bent over a table laboriously writing a letter; growling in an undertone after a grinding session on the parade ground. And now he was dead.

Brannigan's voice was like the rasp of a lash: "O. K., let's get the bloody yellow sons."

His bark became directive. "Over there, beyond that line of scrub. There are grenades there. Let's get 'em and go to town."

NICK began to run. He was almost through the scrub when some one hit him from behind and knocked him flat. As he went down he could feel the wind of the machine-gun hail and hear it riddling the leaves just above him.

He swiveled his head to look behind him and saw Price Annister. His grin wasn't detached now. It was twisted in a hard grimace. And there was no lazy drawl in the voice that rasped, "You thick lug, you almost ran slap into that one."

Men were tracking through the underbrush, slashing forward as the machine-gun chatter stopped abruptly. Brannigan yelled, "Here they come, boys. Let's take 'em!"

HARDTACK

"I just cut the lapels and cuffs off, dad, so it would look like this year's suit."

The Japs smashed through the brush, screaming like demons. There was a long line of them, their bayonets glittering points of menace.

Nick came up on one knee and the gun in his hand bucked against his palm as the nearest Jap leaped high and fell across his rifle.

He could hear men running behind him. He did not look back. That would mean more chutes had come down.

He threw the briefest glance sideways as the gun blasted in his ear. Annister was kneeling beside him, his lean aristocratic face taut and rigid in concentration. Nick felt again that touch of comforting warmth that had come to him as the marine shot the Jap sniper. It was a swell feeling.

HE pressed the trigger again as the Jap raced toward him, bayonet leveled. The gun clicked uselessly. Nick acted without thinking. This was the stuff that had been drilled into him again and again and again through interminable hours. He dived straight forward and came up with one hand against the barrel of the Jap's rifle, pushing it wide just as the Jap pulled the trigger. He threw his right, gun and all, in a smashing hook that picked the Jap up clear of the ground and flung him into the brush, where he lay without moving.

He heard Annister say in his new voice, "That's socking them, Slugger," and he grinned at the voice.

The Japs were not finished. The machine gun began its hysterical chatter again and they lay on their faces with the bullets riddling the bushes above them. As Nick lay he twisted around to see where the others were.

Brannigan was a little distance away, lying behind a fold of ground, panting.

Then he saw Joe Shulwitz. Joe was lying on his back, one hand clutching his left shoulder, blood oozing between his fingers.

As Nick crawled over, Joe turned his head and gave him a twisted grin. "The next time you poke a Jap's rifle out of the way, you lug, don't push it in my direction."

As Nick ripped open a field dressing, he growled, "Sure, I'll write you a letter first, to see just where you are."

He was finishing the bandaging of Joe's shoulder as Brannigan crawled up beside them. "We gotta take that bloody machine gun," Brannigan growled. He glanced at Joe. "Take it easy, guy. When you hear us finish with that chatter gun, follow us. We'll meet the boys coming up from the beach. There'll be stretcher bearers behind them to take care of you." He grinned widely. "They'll patch you up. You'll be O. K. in time to march into Manila with us."

His voice became brisk again as he spoke to Nick and Annister. "We gotta get to those grenades and blast those babies out from behind that darned gun. I'll make a dash for it. You guys follow, one at a time. Once we get the grenades we'll show these yellow monkeys how the Fifty-sixth Marines do it."

BRANNIGAN rose to one knee, muttering, "It's a short dive, kid. I'll chuck a bomb when I make it. When you hear the grenade let go, dive after me."

He picked up a short length of rotting wood from the ground and flung it far to the left. It hit with a crash. The machine gun chattered again and flung a spray of bullets over the spot where the stick had crashed.

Brannigan had moved with the crash of the stick. He ran, crouched low, then dived out of sight in the direction of the colored parachute.

Nick lay, panting, half-blinded with the sweat that ran stingingly into his eyes. He drove a fresh clip home into his automatic and waited, every muscle and nerve alert for the crash of the grenade.

He heard Brannigan yell, "Here it is!" as he flung the grenade.

As it crashed, Nick went plunging through the bushes. He was diving when the machine gun opened fire again. He could feel the wind of the slugs as he hit the earth.

Brannigan turned and snapped, "'At's makin' it, marine." He grinned as Annister flopped down beside them.

"It's right straight in front of us. They've got a pit dug behind that clump of bush. I was short with that grenade. See what you can do, Nick."

On one knee, Nick flung the grenade. He watched it rise, then fall short of the pit in a snarling burst.

Beside him, Price Annister said deploringly, "You're a muscle-bound pug, Slugger. Let me have one of those eggs."

He went up on one knee, his long arm swinging back. "Reminds me of the bally old cricket field at Oxford," he drawled as he flung the grenade with a long sweep of his arm.

The machine gun ripped out a burst as the bomb soared and the three went flat on their faces again. The burst of the grenade was dull and muffled. Some one screamed shrilly.

Brannigan yelled, "That did it, kid! Let's take 'em!"

Nick rose to his feet and rushed, crouched low, straight toward the clump of brush. He was conscious of

THE GYP OF THE WEEK

By FRANK W. BROCK

"MACING"

GAS rationing and the ban on pleasure driving have conspired to force thousands of Eastern car owners to dispose of their white elephants. The demand for these cars in Southern and Western defense-plant areas is very heavy—and thereby hangs a racket.

You can get a good price for your car today, sometimes too good a price—and that's the danger. Innocent sellers encounter a dealer whose offer may be from fifty to one hundred dollars higher than any other they have received. But when the bill of sale is made out, the dealer studies his checkbook for a moment and breaks the sad news: "Sorry, Mr. Smith, but I can't buy your car. Heavy buys have temporarily depleted my cash on hand."

Apologetically he offers a check for, say, $200 and his firm's note for $400, the balance of the purchase price. "Just deposit the note and your bank will collect it for you," he says.

Don't you do it. That, as any honest dealer will tell you, is the "mace." If you accept his proposition, he will immediately sell your car to some other dealer for less than he promised you, and by the time your $400 note becomes due he will probably have vanished into thin air.

Other practices to beware of: The charging of "brokerage" or "searching" fees. This is a form of chiseling after an agreed price for your car has been arranged. "We are acting as brokers only," says the gyp, "and our brokerage fee of 10 per cent must be deducted from the check for your car." That's the bunk.

Another method of slicing the seller's check is for the dealer to deduct twenty dollars or so for "searching the title." That's the sign of a tricky dealer.

Just one more "don't." Don't accept as part payment for your car a "credit" on a new car to be delivered after the war. Things are a little uncertain yet. Get the cash and buy War Bonds.

Brannigan and Annister running a little wide, flanking him and the machine-gun nest as they had been trained to do in a case like this.

He was almost there when he saw the Jap. He was badly wounded, his face twisted in a grimace of concentrated effort as he slowly and laboriously swung the machine gun. Nick was not conscious of fear. There was a cold, dazed acceptance of something that he could not escape.

Then he saw Brannigan. He saw him throw down on the Jap with his pistol as he ran and felt the cold empty click echo in the pit of his stomach.

He breathed again as Brannigan went over the edge of the pit. The big sergeant leaped, feet first. His heavy shoes came down between the Jap's shoulders, pinning him against the gun. Brannigan's gun clubbed down as he landed.

In the machine-gun pit, Brannigan said, "That's that. You, Nick, hop out there and grab that tommy gun. It came down over there about fifty yards. You, you long-armed ape, grab the rest of those grenades and see can you keep swinging them like you did before."

Nick was assembling the submachine gun when he heard the crashing in the bushes. He cuddled the gun under one arm and swung it around as he came up on one knee.

He let the muzzle of the gun drop as Captain Devins came smashing through the bush with a half dozen marines on his heels. Blood was trickling down one side of his face from the gash over his eye, his helmet was gone, and thorns had ripped most of his blouse from his shoulders.

He glanced at the machine-gun nest and snapped, "Nice work. Now let's get organized and take these yellow apes ahead of us. They are raising hell with the boys coming up from the shore. And the boys from the shore have to get through if the detail above is to hold the airfield. There is an antitank gun and some machine guns ahead. Let's take 'em."

THEY all went through the bush in a slashing run. Nick saw the machine gun in front of him. They were swinging the heavy gun around to take these new attackers.

Nick didn't crouch this time. He stood erect, legs spread wide, braced against the spasmodic bucking of the tommy gun, and sprayed the crew.

Then he was running forward with Captain Devins as the captain yelled, "That's number one! Sweet work, Slugger."

It was the first time he had ever heard an officer use that nickname that the company had given him. He had never liked it. Most of the guys had used it in derision. But it was nice to hear the captain use it. It had a different sound in his ears now.

The next half hour was to Nick like a strip of motion-picture film that had been run too rapidly. They fought their way down toward the shore, blasting a path before them.

Most of the machine guns they took with grenades. On one of them they lost two men, riddled with machine-gun slugs.

Annister took the antitank gun out. He skirted the position and came up on its flank as the rest of the group kept the gunners busy. Nick watched him lob the grenade that did the trick.

From the tank-gun emplacement, Nick heard the roar of the motors on the amphibian tanks as they lumbered up through the gash in the otherwise impassable bluff. Marines came up over the rim of the bluff.

A MARINE major saw Captain Devins and yelled, "Nice work. But the boys up at the airfield are catching hell. They've taken one end, but they can't hang on if we don't get up there damned quick."

Devins turned and yelled at Brannigan, "Get your boys rounded up and let's go. The Fifty-sixth has to show these lugs the way."

"You heard that!" Brannigan yelled at the group with Nick. "Well, what are we waiting for?"

Nick went toward the sound of guns at a trot. He glanced once at Annister and got a kick out of what he saw on Annister's face.

Nick felt swell. He knew all about the captain and Brannigan now. He knew what it was that had puzzled him before. The captain and Brannigan had had their taste of this. They were marines.

The others hadn't. They were just a tough bunch of guys who had gone through a lot of tough and grinding drill together. They were just a bunch of guys thrown together into an outfit that was just another unit.

Today had ended all that. They had plunged into the inescapable battle that had to be fought. After today they would continue to gripe at each other. But it would never be the same again. They knew each other now and took a deep pride in the knowing. They were the Fifty-sixth now, the best damned outfit in the best damned branch of the service. That was something to know.

As he trotted toward the sound of the guns, Nick thought of the story he had been reading in the magazine. Why, that writer guy didn't know the half of it! He'd oughta, Nick was thinking, know a bunch of guys like we have in the Fifty-sixth.

THE END

LADY WITH WINGS

Continued from Page 11

—a little too bright—she used to present to news cameras when she stepped out of a plane, pulling off her helmet and shaking back waves of chestnut hair. Her rotogravure smile, meant for public release. It used to illustrate captions like Eleanor Chase Completing Nonstop Coast-to-Coast Flight in 19 Hours 20 Minutes; or, "South America Wonderful!" Says Eleanor Chase, Returning from Good-Will Flight. A smile firm enough to conceal strain and fatigue.

"I'll be all right," she said. "Tomorrow's my U. S. O. day at Langley, and the day after—"

"Why don't you have some friends down?"

She had an impulse to drop all pretense and demand, "What friends?" But she clung to the smile, though it felt stiff, and she said, "Oh, I just want to kick around and not be bothered. Go build them plenty of planes and don't worry over me." She said it cheerfully, stretching her slim body to give him another kiss. "Amanda and Joe will keep me out of mischief."

Outside, she heard the car crunch to a stop on the graveled path, and she was grateful for the sound. It meant the end of discussion. Joe, brown as coffee, was probably stowing the grips in the luggage compartment; he needed twenty minutes to reach the station without racing.

"I think," said Walter Chase, "you're carrying this too far. People have forgotten the whole business long ago. Why don't you get away from here? Get into war work. Fly. It'll do you good."

Lennie looked down to crush her cigarette in a tray—and to hide a twinge of bitterness. Fly? Her father, she realized, was doing his utmost to cheer her; but there was nothing he or any one else could do to change a situation that was hopeless.

SHE didn't have to argue. Joe saved her by thrusting an uneasy head in the door. "We late, Mistuh Chase," he warned. And Walter Chase, sighing, had to turn away.

"Think it over," he said.

When he was gone, Lennie had a sense of relief that was almost physical in its letdown. She closed her eyes, drew a deep breath, then sank to the seat in the bay window and gazed over the sea. The twilight was deepening, and the water lay gray and still and empty, like her mood. Somewhere a plane droned—no doubt one of the patrols coming up from Langley Field. A remote part of her mind, acting on habit, caught the sound, analyzed it, filed it in the category of single-motor jobs; and then she forgot it, giving way to a mental groan.

He's right, she thought. *Living like this isn't much good.* Yet she could think of no change which might be better.

Her eyes turned in speculation from the sea to the vast flat lawns at the side of the house. Chase Field, this expanse used to be called; the private airport of Walter C. Chase, builder of Chase planes. Before amateur flying had been banned for the duration, Lennie had taken off from here on more flights than she could remember. She had jumped from here to Los Angeles, to Vancouver, to Nome. She had hopped off from here on her spectacular good-will tour of South American capitals, using one of her father's twin-motored Bullets for the 20,000-mile trip; using, too, she recalled with a pang, the navigating skill of Eddie Bonham, who had sat beside her. And when she and Eddie had returned, Chase Field had been thronged. Four thousand people, according to the newspapers.

"You're the best press agent an airplane manufacturer could want," her father had said, pulling her away

from photographers and reporters. "Don't ever quit flying, honey! I won't be able to afford it."

In those days she had enjoyed the kind of publicity that used to come to Earhart and Mollison and Cochrane. A Chase flight was a headline flight. . . .

Her father, too, had used this field, commuting by air between his home and the Maryland factory a hundred and fifty miles away. And friends had used it—the motley crowd of friends, rich and poor, brilliant and dull, that Lennie had gathered among flyers. The bunch that converged from every corner of the country, some in 1,000-horsepower marvels of speed and streamlining, some in 45-horsepower training planes held together by glue and a prayer. They used to come roaring out of the skies for week-ends of laughter and plane talk at Chase Manor. Women whose flying togs were their play suits. Men with the eyes of eagles.

Once, she remembered, Eddie Bonham had brought his friend Bill Keith, who flew for Trans-America. Rangy Bill Keith of the sardonic face. Bill Keith, who had held her hand in this room and said, "I never thought I could get to like a headline flyer. But, damn it, woman, I do. I really do." Bill Keith, whose grin had stopped her breath.

"What did *you* have against headline flyers?" she had asked. "Mother frightened by one before you were born?"

"Matter of fact, I don't know why I disliked them," he admitted. "It's just that they seemed to be flaunting something—wealth, maybe."

"Nice you've changed your mind."

"Well, you're not what I expected to find, that's all. Before I came here I thought it was the publicity you loved—Lord knows you get enough of it. I guess I was wrong. It seems to be the flying itself—"

She'd squeezed his hand in gratitude for understanding. "It is, Bill."

But that had been long ago.

Now the field was just a lawn, empty and desolate. There hadn't been a plane on it since the beginning of the war. There hadn't been any Bill Keith, either.

HER finger drew a formless design in the cushions of the seat. All she knew of Bill was that he had become Major William F. Keith of the Army Air Forces. Even that she had learned by the merest chance. A paragraph in a newspaper story of the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron had said: "All the women assigned to the WAFS training quarters at New Castle, Delaware, met the qualifications of being between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five and holding commercial licenses, with a 200-horsepower rating and a minimum of 500 hours logged and certified flying time. . . . They were interviewed by a committee comprised of Mrs. Nancy Harkness Love, Director of Women Pilots, and three Air Force officers: Major William F. Keith, Major Niles Reardon, and Captain John P. Rauck."

Lennie stared at the cushion. She could hear the drone of the motor coming nearer, but she still gave it no attention. Flights from Langley Field passed over the house a dozen times a day.

The war, she knew, wasn't the only thing that kept former friends away. There was that other matter. "People have forgotten the whole business long ago," her father had said. She didn't believe it. People didn't forget a story vicious enough to rip a girl into shreds. People—and particularly Bill Keith—couldn't have forgotten the body of Eddie Bonham lying on a mountainside, its bones broken in the wreck of her plane. Eddie Bonham, her navigator, had been the salt of the earth. Eddie Bonham had died without complaint, saying only, "Nice to have known you, Lennie." If he had lived on a couple of days, he might have told them that Lennie hadn't killed him. But he hadn't lived. So people thought she had sacrificed him to her vanity, to her lust for headlines.

For that matter, they had a great many wrong ideas about her. She supposed some of them regarded her retirement from flying as an indication of sullenness—a spoiled brat's way of refusing to face censure. But it wasn't that. It was something so much more agonizing, so much deeper in her heart, that she couldn't hope to make them understand it. How could you tell people you were hurt so bitterly that your nerves trembled and your eyes held tears and you wanted only to be alone so you didn't have to reveal the pain?

LENNIE rose with nervous abruptness, took another cigarette from a silver box. As she lit it, a voice behind her said: "Miss Lennie, you's smokin' too much."

"Amanda!" She turned with a start. "*Must* you jump out of corners?"

"I ain't jumped in twenty years. You's just fidgety-didgety." Amanda, huge and black and good-humored, lit a table lamp. "An' you *is* smokin' too much. What you needs, child, is some sky flyin' to steady your nerves." She fussed with the bow of her apron. "What you want me to fix for supper, Miss Lennie?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter." Lennie was impatient. "A salad will do."

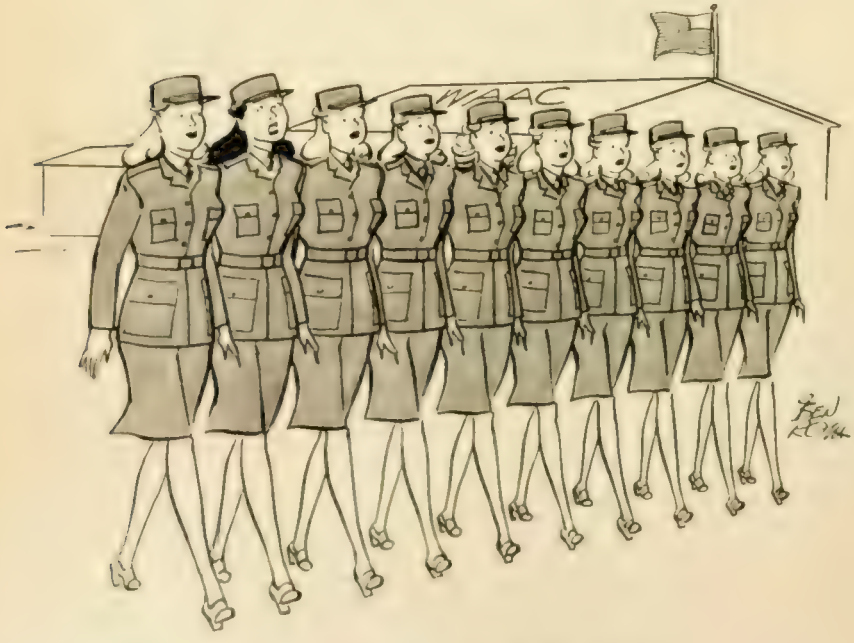
"I'll fix chops."

"Just a salad, Amanda."

"Chops is good for you." Amanda and her Joe had come to work at Chase Manor two years before Lennie's birth, a circumstance which gave her the privilege of talking pretty much as she pleased. She dominated five servants and her husband—and sometimes Lennie too—by the simple process of being determined. "You bringin' any flyers back from Langley tomorrow?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Wish to heaven you would. What we needs round here is some loud man-laughs." Amanda cocked an ear



"It's just like being back in the chorus!"

skyward. "That one's flyin' mighty low, ain't he?"

The plane she had been hearing was overhead, flying at less than 1,000 feet, Lennie judged. She listened. Then she realized it wasn't going away. It was circling. It roared over the roof so low that the house trembled.

Startled, she went out to the porch, with Amanda waddling behind her. From the steps she looked up to see the slate-gray army plane bank into the wind. She couldn't understand this. It was under 400 feet, nosing toward the landing field. A single-seater pursuit, it wobbled as if the pilot were deliberately wagging his wings.

Lennie's eyes were worried as much as surprised. An army plane wouldn't land here, save in an emergency. She watched it touch the ground. It bounced several times, so close to disaster that she held her breath. Then it steadied to taxi across the grass.

She ran out to meet it. By the time it stopped and its door opened, she was beside it.

A man almost fell to the field. He sank to one knee and remained like that, his head swaying. Because of his headgear and goggles Lennie couldn't at once recognize him. She had to shake him before he raised sick eyes to hers. He pulled off the goggles, and she dropped limply to her knees.

"*Andy!*"

He was one of the boys she had met at Langley Field—young devil-may-care Lieutenant Andy Rogers. A redheaded boy from Iowa who'd some day carry his grin and his air of irresponsibility even into battle. He wasn't grinning now. A greenish patina lay over his skin.

"Andy, what *is* it?"

WHEN he faced her, she knew. In consternation she withdrew from him and his breath.

"You're drunk!"

He said thickly, "Yeah. Yeah, guess I am."

"For heaven's sake, Andy—"

"I was all right 'fore I t-took off. S'help me. Just three-four drinks, no more. It was the—the heat in the plane got me, and the altitude. I—feel awful, Lennie."

"You out on patrol?"

"No." The words filled his mouth like wadding. "Would I be drinking 'fore patrol?"

"Then what—"

"Clipper reported boat—couple men—drifting at sea. Lost them in haze. C. O. sent dozen of us out to hunt. Figured I was through for day. Didn't expect to be ordered up."

Lennie looked at him with rising

"I can't think of the name of the tooth paste, but their theme song goes: 'Tum-te-um-tum tiddy-de-um-tum, tum-m-m'!"

dismay. She liked Andy Rogers. She liked all these boys who made it seem fun to fly out in a challenge to death. A thing like this would break him. He'd never talk himself out of being drunk while flying an army plane.

"I was all right," he insisted. "Fine. Sick only when I hit seven thousand. Then—everything started t' swing an' circle round me. Couldn't see straight. Figured I'd crack up if I didn't get down quick. This place was nearest, Lennie."

"Does Langley know you're down?"

"Hell, no."

"Didn't you report?"

"An' tell 'em I'm drunk? Get myself thrown out of this war?" He groaned. "Nuts to that, Lennie. I got some fighting to do. Gee, I—I feel sunk!"

He covered his eyes with a trembling hand. Lennie watched him with anxiety and despair. The trouble with knowing these boys, laughing with them, was that you became part of their lives. You became the mother of an army of kids who adored you and followed you around and argued with one another for the right to cut in on dances.

She knew suddenly that she couldn't let Andy Rogers be broken. Her face was pale when she turned to Amanda.

"Get my windbreaker and helmet," she whispered.

Amanda arched horrified brows. "What you thinkin' of, child? You can't—"

"Get them!"

Amanda didn't stir. She lifted a hand, began to protest.

Having no time for argument, Lennie ran to the house. When she came out, she was strapping the helmet under her chin—the helmet she hadn't worn in more than a year. A windbreaker was zipped to her throat.

There was a strange glow in her eyes. After the Eddie Bonham tragedy she had sworn she'd never fly again. But this situation—well, she knew she was doing something harebrained, yet she couldn't let a boy like Andy Rogers be broken.

Amanda gasped, "You can't fly no army plane!"

"I can try," Lennie retorted. She knelt beside Andy Rogers. "We're going out to hunt the boat," she told him. "Your voice will have to make the reports to Langley. Do you get what I'm saying?"

He looked dazed. "Lennie," he whispered, "I can't let you—"

"You'll rest while I fly. In a couple of hours you'll be able to take over. You can drop me here on the way back to Langley."

"But, gee—"

"Come on." She hooked firm hands under his arms, pulled him to his feet. He staggered until he could support himself against the fuselage. "It'll be all right," she assured him. "They'll never know. Get in, Andy."

Andy stammered, "You c-can't handle a Westcott—"

"Can't I? At my father's plant they've had every American plane in existence for the engineers to look over. I went over them, too. I know this Westcott almost as well as I know the Chase Chaser. . . . Amanda, help me get him in!"

She was so crisp, so resolute, that the bewildered Amanda, forgetting all protests, found herself hoisting Lieutenant Rogers through the door. Five minutes later, still inarticulate, Amanda stood in the wash of the propeller, her skirt and hair flying, and watched the first plane in months take off from Chase Field; watched it roar into the darkening skies over the sea.

WITH her hands on the controls, Eleanor Chase knew a kind of exhilaration she hadn't experienced in a year. It was a feeling that rushed to her head like hot wine. It shone in her eyes. It made her want to lean back and laugh recklessly in complete abandon. The roar in her ears was music lovelier than Tchaikovsky strings, more stirring than Wagnerian brasses and drums.

Yet fear was tugging at her, too. If this were ever discovered, she'd face disaster. You couldn't take up an army plane. She knew it. But she forced the thought out of her mind.

She looked down at the sea. An early moon, fat and coppery, sat on the horizon and spread its glow over the water. If she flew low enough, it wouldn't be hard to see a boat in the moonlight. She dipped down to level off at 600 feet. And she smiled, her eyes alive with the exultation of flying again; of feeling 1,250 horses pull her through the darkness.

Lieutenant Rogers sat on the floor with his head in his hands. Glancing down at him, she said, "Better report, Andy."

He blinked up at her. Because his eyes couldn't focus, he winced. But he nodded and drew the radiophone to his mouth.

"B2 calling K7. B2 calling K7. Following course. No rubber."

A voice in the earphones answered, "K7 calling B2. K7 calling B2. Continue search."

Lieutenant Rogers pushed the phone aside. Leaning against the base of the pilot's seat, he stared up at Lennie's slim back; at her head, with the hair crawling out under the helmet to curl on the nape of her neck. She was vague in his sight, and blurred. He shut his eyes, a groove of pain between them.

"You—you're quite a gal, Lennie."

"Thanks."

"What can I ever say—"

"You don't have to say anything. If you're not going to sleep, watch for the boat." And she asked, "What kind of boat is it?"

"Rubber."

"Oh, one of those. How long are you supposed to search?"

Andy Rogers sounded as if he were fighting off sleep. His words trailed into one another, his tongue stumbling among them. "Six hours' gas."

"What course?"

"Don't ask me, Lennie. Can't think straight—can't navigate now."

"Well, then, we'll just fly. I'll wake you to make another report in a half hour."

"Lennie—"

"Forget it."

She had switched on no lights, but the instrument panel, even in darkness, was a thing of beauty. She felt like a veteran actress at her dressing table for the first time in a year—

TO A SOLDIER

In your window at home is a
Service Star
And somebody wondering where
you are—
Somebody praying by day and by
night
For you—and the peace for which
you fight!

—HARRY LEE.

wondering how she had been able to remain away from it so long. *I belong up here,* she told herself. *I should never have quit.* The motor throbbed in her heart. She realized again that if what she was doing were ever disclosed she'd lose her license and Lieutenant Andy Rogers would be broken. But she wasn't worried. It wouldn't happen. She was flying, and that was all that mattered.

Behind her Andy Rogers mumbled, "How come a gal like you isn't flying for the government? You could show those WAFS—"

"Andy, get some rest!"

His mention of the WAFS jolted her, and the smile faded. She had refused to consider joining the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron. Not that she wouldn't have given half her life to fly with them; but for her, Eleanor Chase, to join such an organization must inevitably mean more publicity. The papers would point out that here was the headline flyer of yesterday getting into the war togs of today. And people would remember things. They'd remember Eddie Bonham and how he had died. They'd begin to whisper the vicious lie, as they had whispered it a year ago. She couldn't endure that again!

Almost as bad was the prospect of facing Bill Keith, who had sat on a military committee to interview candidates. Bill must be stationed at New Castle. She could still see his embittered eyes. He'd remind her of Eddie Bonham, all right. He'd remind her of the night in New York, at the Flamingo Club—

For a while Lennie no longer saw the water or the moon.

She was at a table in the Flamingo, seated between Eddie Bonham and Bill Keith. The orchestra was busy with a rumba, and the place was crowded. She could see Arnold Keyes come toward them, sleek and smiling, his white hair clashing with the youth of his face. Arnold Keyes' chatter about New Yorkers was syndicated through a hundred and seventy newspapers.

"How's the glamour girl of the skies?" Keyes asked. "Haven't seen you in ages, Lennie."

"You stick too close to the earth," she replied.

He stood grinning, tapping a cigarette on their table. "You know what I think?" he said. "I think you're slipping. No headline in two months." He shook his head. "Tch-tch. Mustn't let wars crowd you off the front page."

"Maybe I'm just bored," Lennie answered, matching his banter. "Maybe the headlines were too easy to get."

HE lifted his face and laughed outright. "That's one for the column—Eleanor Chase finds publicity too easy to get!" He lit his cigarette with a gold briquet. "Think you could still compete with the wars for space?"

"Why not?"

"In my column, maybe."

Lennie had to stand by her guns. It was all good-humored nonsense. "Any time you want to place a little bet on my making page one," she said, "drop around and see me, Arnold."

"Just to quiet my nasty curiosity, what could you still do that you haven't already done?" he asked. "For page one, I mean?"

"Why, any number of things. Get lost, for example."

"Lost?"

She shrugged. "Land in some mountain valley and lie doggo while all your papers shout that Lennie Chase is lost, maybe cracked up. If they didn't find me for ten days,

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

GAS-STOP-OH: Those guys who halt your car to ask if you're on pleasure bent.

GIRIFFRAFFE: A necker from the wrong side of the jungle.

SPRINTSTER: Chaste but chased.

HUSBEND: A man whose wife wraps him around her finger.

FUELISHNESS: Having failed to register for oil.

MEMWARS: The ones the veterans fought.

GLOWCATED: Found with the aid of a flashlight.

ALIBIOGRAPHY: Life story of a guy who didn't make good.

MISSISLIPPERY: The Father of Waters is a good skate when he's frozen.

AUTHORWRITIS: Writer's cramp.

[Contributors to this week's Fictionary in order of words listed are W. M. Piller, Georgia Duval, M. C. Cheyne, James Sledge, R. Nuss, Pansy Dawes, Noelle Devanna, Mrs. G. R. Foster, Dale Mark, Joe Sheinin. In duplication of accepted words the first to reach us is the one paid for and used.]

you'd have plenty of headlines. Still want to bet?"

Arnold Keyes looked at her in silence, half amused, half meditative. Then he grinned at Bill Keith.

"Damned if I don't think she could do it, too," he said, with a chuckle. He gave Lennie a gallant bow. "Thank you, lady. I never bet on a sure loss."

She'd been joking, of course. It had all been said in fun. How could she have foreseen what was to happen ten days later, when she was flying to the coast with Eddie Bonham? It was over the Rockies that her motor sputtered and coughed and went silent. At 11,000 feet. A clogged fuel line, possibly. And there she was, with Eddie, in an awesome stillness split only by the whistle of wind.

She'd *had* to make the forced landing. She remembered how they strained their eyes and their nerves looking down for something flat. Only there wasn't anything flat. Nothing but mountains with dark clefts between them. Here and there a slope that wasn't as precipitous as the others.

"We'll have to try one of them," she said.

Ten minutes later, when she banked around to make the landing, her face white and taut, she sent a swift glance at Eddie. He was pale, too; but he met her eyes and he smiled.

"Nice to have known you, Lennie."

She didn't remember much more than that. After the crash, she'd lain there for two days, with a broken ankle and a twisted arm, until the search party had climbed the slope. A few men had carried her down, and the rest had remained to dig Eddie Bonham's body out of the wreckage.

The newspapers had been decent about it. They hadn't printed a word of the thing she had said to Arnold Keyes, nor had Arnold himself used it. But gossip refused to be hushed. "She told Keyes herself that she'd get headlines by landing in some mountain valley and playing lost! Sure, she told him. I don't say she planned to smash the plane—hell, no. But she was after publicity, wasn't she? Always has been. Everybody knows that. She admitted it. So this time she killed her navigator for a headline."

You couldn't live down an accusation like that. You couldn't escape the contempt in the eyes of people you met. You couldn't be blind to the bitterness and rage of Bill Keith. Eddie had been Bill Keith's closest friend.

In the end, Lennie had turned away from it in despair. She had quit the day Doris Taggart, whom she had liked and whom she had twice beaten in transcontinental races, had pointedly turned her back in the lobby of Washington's Shoreham. That was when Lennie had gone home to Chase Manor and, for the first time in her twenty-three years, had sobbed into her pillow through an entire night.

She saw, with a start, that she had been flying more than half an hour. She must be a hundred miles out to sea. The moon, having climbed, was no longer coppery, but round and golden. She looked around to shake Andy Rogers' shoulder. When he blinked out of sleep, she said:

"Time to report."

Andy snatched the phone to his lips. He cleared his throat before he spoke. She listened to him call K7. She heard his routine report: "No rubber." When he put the phone aside, he wiped perspiration from his face.

"You can go back to sleep," she said.

"I feel a lot better, Lennie."

"You'll feel better still in another half hour."

She turned back to study the sea, flashing with moonbeams, and presently Andy Rogers dozed again.

Instead of continuing farther eastward, she swung north. She glanced at the instrument panel, at a button beside it. She'd never flown with one of those buttons before. If you pressed it, she knew, the Westcott's machine guns would pour four parallel streams of bullets out of the wings. Every fifth bullet would be a tracer, streaking away with a rocket's tail.

IT was exciting to think of what the button could do. Frightening, too, in a way. It made you remember you weren't flying for fun. She wondered if these were the kind of planes the WAFS would be ferrying to every Air Forces base in the country.

But she checked herself sharply. It was futile to court self-torment by thinking of the WAFS. She couldn't join them; she couldn't subject herself to the rebirth of gossip and contempt.

Lennie searched the sea, her mouth a bit grim. It was wiser to concentrate on the sea.

And suddenly, on the moonlit water far to her right, she saw something she hadn't noticed before. It was dark and low. It looked like a ship, yet it wasn't a ship. Moreover, it was too broad of beam to be a submarine. An overturned hull, maybe, still afloat. She banked toward it in wonder.

There were twin headlights in the Westcott's wings. Intended for night landing, they shot out long beams of brilliant white. Lennie leaned sideward, touched the switch.

When the lights struck the sea, she had to swing the plane around to

focus them on the thing that floated there. She nosed downward, one eye on the altimeter. She was at 400 feet. In a moment she would have to climb.

But the moment showed her enough to make her catch her breath.

What she saw down there were *two* submarines.

They were lashed together. Men were running along the decks. Some were casting off what appeared to be fat black hawsers. But they weren't hawsers. They were hoses being pulled out of fuel tanks.

"Andy!" she called. "*Andy!*"

Her voice sounded strident. She shook him violently. As he floundered out of sleep, Lennie realized the subs below must be German, one refueling the other. Americans wouldn't refuel like this only a short run from port.

She leveled off and roared over the subs as Andy Rogers stumbled to his feet.

"What—what the devil's wrong?" he cried.

She didn't have to reply. She was looking back, and he looked back too. She didn't have time to understand she had flown over the secret of refueling. Streamers of flame, long and straight, shot past the Westcott's tail like rockets. Her heart pounded. She knew what they were. Tracer bullets rising from the decks of the submarines. She bit into her lip, and as she opened the throttle wide to bring new thunder out of the motor, steel rattled on the fuselage, and her face went white.

She lifted the Westcott's nose, and the plane leaped at the stars. Its burst of speed flattened her against the back of the seat; it threw Lieutenant Rogers to the floor. But things like that were unimportant. What mattered was that the rattle on the fuselage stopped. The tracers were left streaming below the tail.

It was strange that Lennie had no sense of fear. The brief clatter of metal under her feet seemed to have frozen all motion. Her mind, her muscles, her nerves were concentrated on maneuvering the Westcott out of the submarine's range, and she had a speed of 360 m. p. h. with which to do it.

At 1,000 feet she leveled off, glanced back. The guns below continued to spurt fire. She banked, made a roller-coaster dip, and zoomed again, climbing to 2,000 with the motor screaming.

When she looked down through the darkness a second time, she could still see the tracers' long jets of flame. They hunted her with the persistence of searchlights. She banked and once more started skyward. She was grim now, and rigid. Without training in such tactics, she had to rely completely on impulse and in intuition.

At 3,000 feet Andy Rogers pulled himself up from the floor. With a grip on the back of the seat, he snapped, "I'll take over!"

She sent a quick look at him. He wasn't drunk now. He had been shocked into complete and deadly sobriety. And his dim face, thin-lipped, hard, and angry, was no longer youthful.

Without a word, Lennie slid out of the seat. She had confidence in that look of his.

He took her place, asking sharply, "Where are we?"

"I went a hundred and twenty miles east, then zigzagged sixty north."

His eyes narrowed in calculation. "That puts us about a hundred miles off Hog Island."

THEY were beyond the reach of the tracers now. At 360 m. p. h. you shot through three miles of space in the thirty seconds it took to exchange a few words. Andy swung the Westcott around in a wide circle that would keep it outside the range of the submarines' deck guns. In the moonlight the distant U-boats were dull slivers of gray on the sea.

He pressed the phone to his mouth. This time he didn't have to clear his throat. "B2 calling K7. B2 calling K7. . . . Two rabbits! Area ZO-4! Two rabbits! Area ZO-4!"

Lennie, clinging to the seat, continued to watch the submarines. Andy's coded words were electrifying. He spoke with crispness and assurance. And she was proud of him. The fact that her being here might ruin them both did not occur to her now. There was no time in which to be afraid.

Far below, on the sea, she saw the U-boats drift apart.

She wondered, with a pang, how long it would take them to seal the fuel tanks, clear the decks, and dive. She didn't want to lose those subs. What she and Andy could do about them she didn't know; but she was suddenly a bulldog, unwilling to let go of a prize.

When Andy pushed the phone away from his lips, his face was drained of color, his voice was strained.

"Lennie," he said. "I've got orders to attack."

Orders to attack—and a girl in the plane! Is Andy capable of escaping the submarines' guns? Will Lennie's presence be discovered? Here is a gripping and timely novel. Don't miss next week's chapter.

"It's that new dame engineer's idea!"

PAPER CHASE

Continued from Page 30

"In there." He inclined his head toward the stateroom. "She fainted."

The small chugging sound of the motor came to them. They heard the rubber shoes of a man on deck as he ran to loose the rope that bound them to the dock.

"It's my fault that they found you, Jeff," said Elizabeth. "They were watching me, I guess, and I led them straight to you."

"I told you to come, didn't I? I made all the brilliant moves that landed me here." He gestured toward the porthole. They could see the masts of other boats slipping by; they were going out on the river, and fast.

How was she going to tell Jeff about McHugh with this grim-faced guard sitting here? She put her hand into Jeff's.

"Keep your hands to yourself, if you please, miss," ordered Karl.

"But if I hadn't come to Washington, Jeff—if I'd stayed home where you sent me in the first place—"

"It wouldn't have made any difference, Liz."

"Listen, Jeff. Don't—don't give up."

She wondered if McHugh had followed her in time to see where they were going. And how would he get help out to them on a moving boat in broad daylight? She slumped with a sudden let-down. They were so helpless, after all.

THE stateroom door opened and Trask and Ben Walters came out. Walters took Elizabeth's hand and bent over to place a light kiss upon its back.

"Good afternoon, Miss Neff. A pleasure indeed. I promised you should sometime come to my boat, did I not?"

Trask slammed the brown envelope Elizabeth had given him down on the table. With amazement Jeff recognized the worn covering of Opus Number Seven. Trask came toward Elizabeth, his face livid, a huge crooked vein pulsing in his temple. His square hand shot back and slashed across her face. Before Jeff could move he felt the hard muzzle of Karl's revolver in his side.

"If you please, Mr. Piper—"

"I," said Walters, stroking his beard, "am not a believer in violence."

"Where are the papers?" barked Trask. "Where are the papers?"

"You'll find that out when we're put ashore—and not before!" shouted Jeff.

"Put ashore! Are you insane? You'll never be put ashore. Do you think I can allow you to go blabbing about? You have no choice except this"—Trask's eyes bulged with the threat—"and do not mistake this for dramatics, my friend—the choice between a hard death and an easy one. Which will it be?"

"Why, you swine—the papers are in the hands of the police, and what are you going to—"

"Don't, Jeff, don't!" Elizabeth pleaded. "Help's coming. We were followed. We'll be all right!"

Trask snapped an order to Karl, who handed him the revolver and went into the galley.

"Go on—you, too," Trask said to Walters. "Help the boy lower the dinghy and wait in it for us."

Walters hesitated, his round eyes troubled. "Must the boat go, sir? I shall regret losing it."

"Get out," roared Trask, "or stay here and go with it!"

From the galley came the sound of pouring liquid and then the strong smell of raw gasoline. They saw Walters stop and look about reluctantly before he closed the door and hurried up on deck.

Trask's voice dropped to its former polite tone: "You are about to learn a lesson, my hasty friends, a lesson that you won't remember." He backed away from them slowly, holding the revolver in readiness. When he was almost to the galley door he drew a key out of his pocket with his free hand. "A pity," he said. "We have been so careful with our gasoline stove, too." The pungent smell of gasoline fumes was filling the cabin.

"Jeff!" screamed Elizabeth. "They're going to blow up the boat!"

In the instant that Jeff tensed himself to leap he saw the mock amiability go out of Trask's face. There was a sound from the stateroom. Jeff turned to see Carola standing in the doorway. She eyed Trask without a word and then, with an expression of insane determination, she plunged toward him. She was no more than a foot away from Trask when he fired and she dropped at his feet. At the moment that the gun flashed Jeff vaulted over her body and slammed his fist into Trask's face.

Elizabeth remembered later the crackling sound of crushed bone and then Karl's terrified eyes at the door. He slammed the door shut immediately and Elizabeth heard him run across the deck, shouting.

Jeff picked up Trask's fallen revolver and rushed to the door. It banged open to show the flames leaping high on one burner of the little stove.

"Liz, come out quick!" He pulled her past the stove and up the stairs.

"Did we show you the wonderful playroom we made out of the cellar?"

"Now what was it I wanted to remember?"

"Kick off your shoes," he panted. When she had done so, he pulled her with him off the side of the boat into the river. When they came to the surface Jeff saw the three men in the dinghy several yards away and rowing hard.

"The boat will be on fire any minute. Swim as fast as you can and follow me." The shore line looked far away as Jeff struck out toward it. They swam with difficulty, their clothes weighing them down.

Elizabeth saw the speedboat first. It was coming toward them, its nose cleaving the water into a long V-shaped wave. When they heard the motor throttling down they began to tread water, floating on the ripples from the boat until it pulled up alongside them.

"Hello! Hello!" It was Bertram McHugh. Two men, a police officer and a tanned fellow in shorts, pulled them into the cockpit, and they sat breathless and waterlogged in the bottom of the boat.

"Will you look at that!" exclaimed the officer.

"She's on fire!" yelled McHugh.

Jeff and Elizabeth knelt to peer over the boat's edge. They were just in time. With a terrific explosion the entire deck of the yacht seemed to fly fifty feet into the air and disintegrate. Pieces rained on the water all about them. The occupants of the dinghy had not stopped to watch the blow-up. They were still making for the shore.

"Get those men!" shouted Jeff, pointing at the little craft.

"Sure, boss," said the fellow in shorts, starting up his motor. "Want me to ram them for you?"

"Better wait," said Jeff. "The government will want to do a little ramming first."

McHugh bent over him. "What's it all about? What's the story?"

"I knew there was something funny about their carrying a gasoline stove," Elizabeth's voice was faint. She lay down again in the bottom of the boat. "When I learned how to sail, we were taught a gasoline stove is the most dangerous thing you can have on shipboard."

"Are you all right, darling?" Jeff covered her with an oilskin McHugh handed him.

"I was just wondering," she said, "if the maids at the Selwyn House turn the mattresses every day."

"Is she delirious?" asked McHugh.

Before Elizabeth could protest at this, they had come up to the dinghy. The officer took out his gun and directed the rowers to board.

McHugh watched them in amazement. "Ben Walters!" he exclaimed, and then to Jeff, "Ben Walters?"

"Is that who he is?" said Jeff.

THE bar at the Selwyn House was usually filled with the famed of Washington at five o'clock in the afternoon, and a few days earlier Elizabeth might have ogled, along with the rest of the tourists. But now she was in the incredible position of being stared at instead of staring. She and Jeff had been taken up by the press and made famous overnight. They were what is known as "good copy." Pictures of them, features, and editorials appeared in every edition of every newspaper. They were, of course, to appear on stage at the Army and Navy Relief show the following Thursday and a song was to be dedicated to them.

Reporters wrote long columns on the Nazi plot they had exposed, terming it part of the most ambitious and elaborate plan for sabotage ever uncovered. The case gained in sensationalism nationally because of Trask's involvement with it, and locally because of Ben Walters. Some people in a town in Indiana held a public breaking of Trask's concerto records, and a music critic in New York dug up an old article in which he had insisted that Trask's playing was completely sensuous. He managed to tie this up nicely with the Nazi worship of blood and to nominate himself as a minor prophet. In Washington, crowds formed in front of Ben Walters' Chophouse and broke the windows. An autographed photograph of President Coolidge and some silverware were stolen.

JEFF and Liz read all the news stories with interest. It was especially the details of the plot as pieced out by Walters and the rounded-up Rowe and Lange that excited them. They had come near to guessing what it was, and yet they had lacked the key to the actual solution. One of the most triumphant things about their balking the plot was the fact that it was part of a huge plan carefully laid out. Its beginnings were four or five years old and stemmed from a German Bureau of Information in Mexico City; beyond that, of course, from Berlin.

Some foresighted Nazis, knowing German funds in America would be frozen in case of war, had figured out ways of placing in the United States millions of dollars that would pay for sabotage and fifth-column work. One way had been to select four pure Aryan sympathizers, without family ties, to be guardians of about a million dollars apiece. The money was deviously invested in good American securities in the names of each of them. Each one was to follow precise buying and selling orders from Mexico. As payment, they were allowed to live on the interest from the investments, paying taxes and acting in general like good American citizens. To provide for deaths, the wills to Albert Hawley Mercer were concocted. Al-

bert Hawley Mercer, as Elizabeth had guessed, being any agent identifying himself with the correct signal: the reverse menu. An agent designated as Mercer was also to be used to recall the money when it was needed.

The entry of the United States into the war made this need imperative and a "Mercer" was sent on his way. With normal secrecy the plan was practically foolproof. But "Mr. Mercer" had two unforeseen misfortunes. The first was being in a plane crash with practiced crooks like the Ballisters. The second was finding that luxury living had spoiled George Kempen's devotion to the fatherland.

For hours Jeff and Elizabeth figured how they might have moved less blindly in this huge web.

"If we'd only known," Elizabeth kept saying. "But then, if we had," she added, "the story would have been different, and I like it this way."

"Are you going to use it?"

"For a book? It would be grand for a book."

They laughed and divided the mint julep they had ordered for McHugh and ordered three more.

"I wish Bert would hurry up," said Jeff.

"If you knew Walters, you'd understand that nothing in the world could hurry him. He had to put on a full two-hour performance."

Jeff snorted. "Exclusive interview. Why, the F. B. I. boys got everything out of that guy there was to get. You should have heard the going-over they gave him. McHugh may be the first reporter to interview him, but he won't get anything new."

ELIZABETH picked a piece of mint off the top of her drink and chewed it thoughtfully. "What I want to know," she said, "is what the signal meant. Why a reverse menu and why those particular things, none of which, incidentally, I'll ever be able to eat again?"

"You're too sensitive. I'm not going through life without beer and liverwurst."

"There's one other thing I'd like to know, Jeff." Elizabeth's voice didn't match her teasing face. "When you called from Jim Johnson's there was something you said—you said, 'Once this night is over, life will be more normal, and then—'"

"Then what?"

"That's what I want to know."

"I guess I was going to say, 'and then I'm going to sleep for a week.'"

"Oh."

Jeff smiled and reached for her hand. "Listen, Lizzie darling. My job came through. Air Force Intelligence. I think I'm leaving the country next week; but when I come back—"

A waiter had come to their table. "Mr. Piper, suh, they's a call for you, suh." He plugged the cord into a socket near them and brought the phone to Jeff.

"It's Bert McHugh," the high voice shouted through the receiver. "I'm not done with Walters yet. You'd better go on to dinner and I'll meet you later."

"Ask him about the signal," Elizabeth urged.

"DID you get the story on the signal?"

"Say, is this a pip! He says Trask told him about it. Seems Trask and Rowe and some other important Nazis damn near starved to death during the inflation in Germany. They used to torture themselves by the hour making up a list of things they'd like to eat if they could have anything in the world they wanted. The list you found was what they agreed was tops."

"How come it was used in this thing?"

"They had a club where they used to sit around and feed each other theories about a new Germany. They hung the list in their clubroom as a sort of secret reminder, and when they met up years later as Nazis, they just used it."

"Ask him why backward," said Elizabeth.

"Did he say why it was used backward?"

"Nope. Got to go now. See you later."

Jeff hung up. He eyed the phone beneath his hand thoughtfully.

"Say, Liz," he said, "I'm going to call up Lili."

He asked for long-distance and put the call through. After some delay Lili was located in the beauty shop at the Forrest. Her voice came over full and warm as he remembered it.

"Mr. Piper, is it you?" she said. "Congratulations. You are very famous."

"I'm sorry about Kempen, Lili."

"That's all right. We all follow our fates."

"How are you, Lili?"

"Fine, Mr. Piper. But I have a friend who is not so fine. He is in trouble, and I told him that if I were in trouble you were the man I'd ask to get me out. He wants to meet you, Mr. Piper."

"Hang up quickly, darling," said Liz.

THE END

MUST YOU ALWAYS ENVY THE
"SPOT-LIGHT"
GIRLS BECAUSE OF YOUR—

PSORIASIS

It's so tragic to feel that you are kept from your rightful due, merely because of such physical blemishes as psoriasis lesions. But many others facing the same situation have helped remedy matters by using *SIROIL*. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

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every one, and then she set seriously to work. There was a shortage of stretchers, so she showed several taxi drivers the first-aid trick of making emergency stretchers out of overcoats. She begged spectators for their coats, explaining, "Unless the burned people are covered when they get into the air, their skin will peel off." In this scene of horror, Miss Underwood made fifteen trips in the ambulance, sorting the dead from the living, and knocking out two more hysterical victims. Most of what she did can be done by any person with first-aid training.

Is such training, then, a waste of time?

Accidents frequently occur at vacation resorts. Last summer, at a lake resort near New York City, a young man, out rowing with his father, dived from the boat and came up under it, knocking himself unconscious. His father was panic-stricken, and jumped in, although he could not swim. Observers were able to drag the two men to shore; but the son, who had been four or five minutes under water, showed no signs of life. Working in shifts, three first-aiders applied artificial respiration for *nine hours* before the half-drowned man began to breathe. He is alive today—thanks to the efforts of a few strangers.

Sometimes it is the first-aider himself who is the victim. On Thunderbolt run, in the Berkshire Mountains, a member of the National Ski Patrol slipped and broke his leg. His companions knew no first aid, but he did, and they followed his instructions for making a traction splint and a rescue sled. The traction splint had been so well applied that the doctors had only to put a cast on the injured leg, and could give all their attention to his internal injuries.

Jimmy Berryman, an eleven-year-old of Warren County, Mississippi, was riding his horse across the state highway when a car came rapidly over the crest of a hill. Jimmy's horse plunged and was hit head on. The horse fell dead, and Jimmy landed on the road with a broken leg.

The usual crowd gathered and offered conflicting advice. One man said, with some authority, "The boy's badly hurt. Help me to put him in my car and I'll get him to the hospital quicker than an ambulance can get here."

Jimmy, half unconscious, roused himself. "No, you don't," he said. "I've got a compound fracture, mister, and I'll stay here until the doctor or the ambulance arrives."

Jimmy was allowed to wait for the ambulance. When the doctor examined him, he said, "Bad break, son. It's lucky no one moved you and made it worse. How did you know enough to stop them?"

A Junior Red Cross certificate was Jimmy's answer.

Often, as in this case, the first-aid graduate does his greatest service by preventing those who want to help from doing the wrong thing. When Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, suffered concussion in a taxi accident, a well meaning stranger propped him against a lamppost. If this man had known enough first aid to lay the musician flat on the ground, his time spent in the hospital would have been a matter of days instead of months.

None of these victims would have to stop and consider if you asked them whether first-aid training was a waste of time. But there are still some skeptics left who doubt the value of the course. One of these was a physician who had criticized the policy of letting laymen "interfere" in critical emergencies. He was recently the victim of a parkway accident. A first-aider who happened along applied a tight bandage to the doctor's head and drove him to the hospital. This doctor was suffering from a severed artery—he would have been dead within a few hours if the despised first-aid layman hadn't happened along. The physician is now one of the greatest first-aid boosters in the country.

A YOUNG woman, a student in a first-aid class in New York, complained that learning artificial respiration was a waste in her case, since she never went to beaches and couldn't encounter a drowning person. The very next morning the maid in her boardinghouse told her that she could get no response to knocks on the door across the hall, where another girl lived. With the help of the janitor's key, the two women entered the room, and found it flooded with escaping gas—the tenant had attempted suicide. The first-aid student found an immediate use for her training in artificial respiration—she set to work and saved her neighbor's life.

A husband who said that his wife was wasting her time studying first aid got up in the night with a headache, and groped his way in the dark to the medicine cabinet for an aspirin. By mistake he swallowed a bichloride-of-mercury tablet, and would have died a horrible death if his wife had not had a knowledge of what to do in cases of poisoning.

No, the bombs haven't fallen on America, and the blitz hasn't come. But 106,000 persons were killed in accidents in a recent year, and nearly 10,000,000 more suffered disabling injuries.

First aid a waste of time? It has turned four and a half millions of you, men and women and children, from dangerously ignorant bystanders into the best substitutes for doctors on the spot any victim could demand. For if you have a First Aid certificate in your wallet or handbag you can play a part, at any time, in averting or mitigating these tragedies.

THE END

"But, chief, she says she's lost!"

NEXT WEEK

JUNGLE OBJECTIVE

In the night the Japs had landed reinforcements on Guadalcanal, but the marines, Henderson Field's defenders,

had crossed the Matanikau River. Such was the official report. It didn't show us that steamy jungle, those Jap snipers in treetops; didn't make us feel our lips crack with thirst—or hear the shouted news that our main force was *ambushed* and a supporting squad of nine marines was to move up to the rescue. Well, young CORPORAL FRANK CAMERON led that squad—and when he's told his simple, vivid story you're going to feel as if you had been right there behind him!

GOVERNMENT BY A HANDFUL

"The bill was referred to the Committee on ——." Familiar words! Every bill submitted to Congress goes to a committee; very few reach the floor of House or Senate without a committee's O. K. There's no simpler way to deal with all the questions that come up; but since some committees have great power, and since you, the voter, have no say about their moves or their memberships, you will be glad to learn what *can* be done about the practices that now make far too many of them tools of political bosses and special interests. JAY FRANKLIN, veteran Washington observer, will tell you.

A CHALLENGE TO PRUDERY

There has been an alarming rise in venereal diseases among boys and girls between fifteen and nineteen in the past year. Sex offenses involving the teen age have skyrocketed. These are facts—and undebatable. How to face these facts, however, what to do to alter them in the future, is still a subject for discussion. To the question, How can we save thousands of boys and girls from disease? many people answer, "Teach sex hygiene in our high schools." Others oppose the idea. Liberty brings you the pro and con of this timely question, with GRETTA PALMER acting as arbitrator. Here's a debate that will set parents thinking—for the sake of their children and for their country's future.

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174,500	"	"	"	"	Best & Co.
134,700	"	"	"	"	Franklin Simon & Co.
284,294	"	"	"	"	John Wanamaker

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TRICKS of TRADES

Dry Ice in Global War

THE gas that makes your ginger ale or soda water fizz is finding plenty of uses in this global war. It is carbon dioxide, which in its solid form constitutes "dry ice." But engineers have developed new tricks with it. Shatterproof steel cylinders of the gas under high pressure are carried on airplanes to inflate the rubber boats that must be used in case of a forced landing on water.

Another use of the same cylinders of the gas under pressure is to put out fires in navy torpedo boats and submarine chasers. The cylinders are connected to nozzles located in the engine compartment, where most fires start, for these boats have huge engines operated at high speeds. In case of fire, the pilot pulls a lever that releases the gas. The fire is thus smothered for want of oxygen.

Led by the Nose

AT the beginning of his career, the founder of a very old and famous Southern restaurant remained unpatronized for months. Success came after he rigged up a system of pipes which conducted the rich aroma of his specialty—an original roast turkey dish—from his kitchen to the sidewalk outside.

Some Screen Effects

REAL rain is never used in filming a motion-picture scene, as the patter of the raindrops records on the sensitive film like machine-gun fire. The manufactured rain, falling only a few feet, records perfectly. The windows through which actors dive are made of boiled and hardened sugar. Snow is bleached cornflakes, cobwebs are spun rubber.

To Renew Worn Worsteds

WORSTED materials sometimes rough up and become woolly in places, possibly due to excessive rubbing by a belt or against a desk.

This can easily be corrected and the material made to look like new. First, brush the woolly part against the nap with a stiff brush, to make the wool stand out as much as possible. Then take a match or cigarette lighter and carefully singe all the long wool off—being careful not to put the flame too close to the cloth. Also, the flame should be passed up and down the damaged part quickly, to prevent injury to the cloth itself. Then brush well again, after which the garment should be as good as new.

Wedding-Ring Hazard

SAFETY engineers call rings "finger snatchers," because of the danger involved to machine operators while they are wearing rings. But women machine operators, when asked to remove their wedding rings, will argue that they have been married for years and have never removed them. One boss says to them, "If you went home without your ring tonight your husband would probably be unhappy. Is that correct?" They always reply, "Yes." Then he says, "Well, he would be a lot unhappier if you went home without your finger, wouldn't he?" It usually works!

Instant Repair Service

A SMALL-TOWN, family-run farm machinery and hardware business in the South attributes much of its success and most of its steady customers to a hurry-up repair service rendered. In harvesting and planting time, minutes instead of days count in getting repairs and replacements for farm machinery. At these times, the company keeps a fleet of crash trucks—complete with assorted parts and an expert mechanic—ready twenty-four hours a day to dash off to a customer's broken-down tractor or binder like a hook-and-ladder going to a fire.

Zinc for Fruit Crop

SOIL chemists in Florida recently found a severe lack of a mineral necessary for fruit growing. It was zinc. They recommended the driving of galvanized (or zinc-coated) nails into the trunks of the trees. The result was a noticeable increase in the size of the crop and of the individual fruit.

[Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.]

ONCE TO EVERY MAN

Continued from Page 27

and intricate baffling things without names.

"Get in and drive off," said Mr. Dudley. "We all want to cheer you on your way."

The instant called for strategy. I found a lowly reason to retire, and in my cloister of retirement I remained for half an hour, knowing that Mr. Dudley would eventually have to tell his staff of well-wishers to get back to their ledgers, cash books, and prospects.

In this I had measured the human probabilities accurately. But I had underestimated Mr. Dudley. Unattended, I walked outside. As I approached the malignant presence of that automobile, there was Mr. Dudley at the window, smiling at me benevolently. The look he gave me forced me to hide my panic and my horror, compelled me to turn on the most false smile I ever gave the world. In a faraway voice I heard myself saying:

"She's a beauty, Mr. Dudley. Am I lucky! *Am* I lucky!"

And I turned back to the blasted car, feeling like Richard the Third —my kingdom for a horse. I stood in front of the great window and cocked a wholly spurious professional eye at this four-wheeled mystery. I walked around it, with a sprightly, interested, delighted air, feeling its parts with a bedside manner. I wanted to run away and never see Denver again, but I could not. The horrible necessity was there. I had to drive that car.

WHEN I reached the starboard door, I stood and pondered the visible mechanism. Dudley had proudly told me it was an electric. I saw a projecting lever to the right of the steering seat and a notch into which it could be forced.

"There," I said to myself. "That must be the way it works. You push the lever into the notch and the thing goes. All you have to do is steer. I can ride a bicycle, so I know I can steer this car. To stop, I pull the gear stick out of the notch."

Most of this reasoning was correct. I got in, thrust down the lever, and we started to go—slowly at first, but with gradual acceleration. I forced my aching face into a rakish grin and, looking back over my shoulder, waved jauntily to Mr. Dudley.

Now we were rolling at quite a clip, heading straight for the early-morning Denver traffic. Before I knew it, I was in Automobile Row. By this time I had discovered that I did not know how to slow down. My driving became a perilous and self-assertive weaving-in-and-out process. The only thing for me to do was to turn the corner and try to get out of traffic.

I turned every corner I came to and thus found myself riding around the block.

The time had come for me to stop —obviously. I reached down for the lever. To my horror, it had disappeared. I did not dare take my eyes from the street to look for it. Then I clutched frantically in the nothingness of that area where the lever had been, and realized that this was a living nightmare.

I had to have help. I looked wildly to the right and saw a man approaching a shop door, key in hand.

"Hey!" I yelled. By the next instant I was at the corner, where I had to turn again. I went completely around the block. As I neared the door again I saw the man inserting the key.

"Hey!" I yelled once more. This time I saw his bewildered expression, but again I left him behind.

BY the next time around he was waiting for me at the curb. I shouted "Next time around hop on!" and off I hurried on my grand tour. Next time he was still waiting near the curb and with a running leap mounted the footboard.

"What in hell's the matter?" he asked.

"How do you stop this thing?"

"You pull the lever out."

"But where's the lever?" I implored as we turned the corner.

"It's dropped under the rubber floor mat," he said, throwing the mat aside. And, seizing the concealed lever, immediately he stopped the car.

As we came quietly to the curb, he looked at me. I can still see his bibulous, puzzled face as he asked, "Who in the hell are you?" and the dazed glare in his eyes when I answered:

"I am the automobile editor of the Rocky Mountain News."

One might think this would have ruined my new career, but one would be wrong. Of course the story was told—and of course Mr. Dudley heard about it. But somehow they all found in it some reason to like me. Perhaps it was because I had taken the thing on in the first place. Anyway, I held the job.

In many a tight place since then I have remembered my living nightmare and been sustained and soothed by the recollection. I have taken on whatever fortune offered. So far, the man with the key has always been there.

THE END

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"I hit some wonderful bargains, dear! I even bought a $25 war bond for only $18.75!"

IS OUR CONSTITUTION OBSOLETE?

Continued from Page 13

armed revolution in as sturdy a state as Massachusetts. Anarchy threatened. It was a bad situation in which to establish an enduring constitution.

Yet it was done. The best evidence of this is that for more than one hundred and fifty years there has been only one revolt against the government: the Civil War. We may reasonably assume, therefore, that the shell fitted the infant turtle.

And so we come to the second point. Have the turtle and the shell been reasonably able to keep pace with each other? I say "reasonably" because I do not know of any government which has not experienced some constitutional crises.

First let us very briefly consider one criticism often directed against our own Constitution. It has been claimed that because it is written it must be rigid, unchanging. Thus it has been called "a musty document of the eighteenth century."

The question of written or unwritten constitutions is more or less academic, and one of degree. I know of no constitution which is all one or all the other, and although I do [illegible] to be familiar with those of all the nations of the earth, the conditions would seem to bear me out. It is obvious that when a people finds itself outside any established government and suddenly becoming a society of heterogeneous elements, or when peoples under separate governments unite to form a combined nation, they *must* put in writing some of the fundamental rules under which they agree to live together.

The Mayflower Compact is an American example of the first sort, and the Constitution making a nation out of thirteen states is an example of the second. When the provinces of Canada united in a Dominion or the states of Australia in a Commonwealth, they had to do the same, as all do. England, with its thousand years of tradition and "precedent broadening down to precedent," is often considered as having an unwritten constitution; but there are very important parts of it which *are* written, such as the Act of Union with Scotland, the Statute of Westminster (defining the relations of the Dominions to the Empire), and others. The fact that our Constitution is written is nothing against it. It could not have been anything else. The only point is, because it is written, does that mean it is a document which is incapable of being adjusted to meet changes?

The answer is emphatically no!

The most common method of changing the Constitution is that of formal amendment, as provided for in the original document. There is a widespread misconception that somehow this is a cumbrous and slow-moving way of changing the fundamental law. I cannot see that history bears this out. It is true that there have been only twenty-one formal amendments in a century and a half, of which twelve were adopted by 1804, and, with the exception of the three growing out of the Civil War, no more until 1913, when the XVIth, proposed by Congress in 1909, was ratified.

But this does not mean that the method has not been more often used because it has been proved impractical. It may just as well mean that public opinion as a whole, in contrast with groups of reformers, did not see the need for change or was slow in forming. This is particularly true of the early period when the nation, largely agricultural, was not experiencing the rapid alterations it has undergone in the last generation or so. A democracy has to be run by public opinion. When public opinion is uncertain, it is well for Congress to go slow; but Congress is always watching it, like the Senator from Kansas who, it used to be said, kept his ear so close to the ground that it got full of grasshoppers.

IN considering how long it may take to amend the Constitution, there are thus *two* time factors to be allowed for; and this is important, because much of the misconception mentioned has been due to the failure to recognize them. First, there is the time it may take for public opinion to form and to demand that amendments be proposed by Congress. Second, there is the time it may take to adopt or reject an amendment after Congress has submitted it to the legislatures.

In the twenty-four years from 1909 to 1933 we had an amendment on an average of every four years, and in each case, except that of the XVIth (the Federal Income Tax), the amendment was put through in about twelve months. Indeed, if public opinion is sure, we can pass an amendment in less time than it takes the English Parliament, which is guided by the so-called "unwritten" and "flexible" British Constitution, to pass a bill over the veto of the House of Lords.

Our Constitution has proved itself capable of adjustment by other means than formal amendment. The most striking example of this is our election of a President by popular vote. Nothing was farther from the minds of those who drew up the

Constitution. It was the last thing they wanted done. But the people came to demand it. They got it without changing a word of the "musty document." The machinery of the Electoral College still creaks as of old, but by pledging the Electors in advance the people drove a hole through the Constitution big enough for a coach and four.

There have been still other methods of changing, for better or worse, this written document. The Bill of Rights, Amendment II, grants people the "right to keep and bear arms." Yet in New York (and somewhat similar regulations apply in other states under so-called police powers) you may go to prison for twenty years if you have a revolver in your house and no license for it.

We now come to one of the most important means of changing or amending, or what you will, the written document which is said by some to be so unchangeably rigid. That means is interpretation by the Supreme Court. In less than a decade after the adoption of the Constitution it became apparent that although words may be written they may also mean different things to different people. In the early days of the Republic the right to decide what they might mean was claimed by different powers in the complex government set up—by states, by Presidents, by Congress, and by the Supreme Court. It was finally agreed that the Supreme Court would be the best interpreter, and it has, for obvious reasons, so proved. The consequence has been that, as has been said, "The Supreme Court is a Constitutional Convention in continuous session."

It is impossible here to try to trace the influence of particular Supreme Court decisions. The legal technicalities are too lengthy and involved. One of the most striking in recent years was the 5-4 decision upholding the government's repudiation of the gold clause in its bonds, an act which the Court itself declared violated that sanctity of contract which the Constitution was supposed to protect! If the Court could do that, it can do almost anything. How important the Court and its membership are was shown by the President's bitter attack on it, the people's equally bitter defense of it, and the fears aroused or hopes raised by its subsequent accidental and almost complete change in personnel. The point is, here is another example of flexibility in the written document.

THE claim has been made that it ties our hands in a great crisis. Yet, under the vague "war power" of a President, Lincoln, Wilson, and Roosevelt have had ample scope to wage their wars. Any democracy moves slowly, but that is due not to the Constitution but to (again) public opinion. The Constitution has shown itself capable of suddenly expanding in war and safely contracting again with peace.

Another example of flexibility is found in the slower and almost tidal shifts in power between the branches of government—executive, legislative, and judicial. The Constitution is supposed to be based on a balance of powers, but somehow the balance does not stick.

Depending on personalities, moods of the people, and needs of the day, power and leadership sway from one end of Pennsylvania Avenue to the other, and the Constitu-

"Moths!"

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

"SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, as I was about to board a plane for Washington," says Oscar Schisgall, whose latest picture we give you, together with his newest novel, Lady with Wings, "a man tapped me on the shoulder with 'Sorry, sir. We've had to cancel your reservation—a priority on the seat.'

"I flared up a bit. 'Who has it?'

"He pointed to a slim girl in a trim gray uniform.

" 'What outfit does she belong to?' I asked.

" 'WAFS,' he said. 'And the sooner she gets back to her base, the sooner another army plane will be delivered to the Air Forces.'

"That led me to visit the WAFS base at New Castle, where I had one of the most inspiring experiences of my life, which, among other things, resulted in my Lady with Wings."

ONE OF OUR MOST distinguished historians and citizens, James Truslow Adams, whose Founding of New England won the Pulitzer Prize in 1922 as the best book on history of the United States in 1921, contributes a provocative and timely article, Is Our Constitution Obsolete? on page 12. If you haven't read it, turn to it now as a most important question in today's thinking.

Omission of credit to the photographer who did our January 23 and February 13 covers is regretted and rectified here. His name is Mead Maddick Lownds.

THE EDITORS

tion bulges this way and that.

When the forceful Andrew Jackson was President, Henry Clay complained in 1833 that the form of government was being completely changed because of "the concentration of all power in the hands of one man. The powers of Congress are paralyzed except when exerted in conformity with his will." About fifty years later Woodrow Wilson, then still a professor, wrote that the Constitution had ceased to be a reality and our government had become "simply a scheme of congressional supremacy." Another fifty years, and we have been fearing the colossal accumulation of power in the hands of the President and the supineness of Congress.

Still another element of flexibility, although possibly a very dangerous one, is the growing habit of the delegation of great powers by Congress to boards and commissions. It is said that we are coming to be a government of men and not of laws, and there are signs that the people are becoming restive. The point is, however, that here is another way of expanding and altering our constitutional government.

WHAT I have written, above, should not be taken to mean that I am a complacent Tory. The Constitution is far from perfect. No instrument for the self-government of over 130,000,000 very varied individuals can ever be perfect. The one typical American contribution to philosophy is pragmatism, an egg laid on the frontier and hatched by William James at Harvard. Its standard of value as to everything is: "Will it work?" That is the way I am thinking of the Constitution in a new world—not as perfect but just as "Will it work?" I believe it will.

We are *not* bound by a musty document of the eighteenth century. That was only the start, and our Constitution is that and all that has altered it since. It has survived the greatest changes the world has ever known. It will prove flexible enough for the future. It will satisfy those of us who still believe in the value of public opinion in a democracy, even when slow, rather than in the crying need of hurriedly forcing our own private, and possibly wrong, ideas on the public.

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It?
on Page 55

1. Grover Cleveland.
2. Ralph Waldo Emerson.
3. Joe Louis.
4. Duke Ellington.
5. U. S. Grant.
6. Wendell Willkie.
7. Sonja Henie.
8. Walter Raleigh.
9. Andrew Carnegie.
10. Walter Winchell.

WE WANT A "PEOPLE'S PEACE"

THE political problem which developed in French North Africa after our army landed must have been mystifying to most Americans, including probably General Eisenhower himself. Its solution has taken considerable time, and even the on-the-spot efforts of Roosevelt and Churchill have not sufficed to clear it up altogether.

It is to be hoped we have learned something from this experience, because similar situations will arise with every new bit of territory we reconquer.

The deal with Darlan caused many people to fear that our military men on the scene were only dimly aware of the reasons why we are fighting this war. Even President Roosevelt's assurance that the deal was a temporary expedient and eventually the liberated French people would select and establish their own government failed to quell the fears.

And yet, we must remember Eisenhower has an army under him and a war to win. Any one who can help that army accomplish the defeat of the Axis he will use. He is not concerned with the political implications. His job is a military one, and after he accomplishes it the political rebuilding of Europe will be the responsibility of others.

Darlan could save American lives. So Eisenhower made a deal with Darlan. After Darlan's assassination Eisenhower made further deals with others along the same lines and with the same end in view.

Besides, it is likely Eisenhower is in a better position to know with whom he is doing business than those among us who get their information by lunch-table conversation and the rumor route. Not all the genuine patriots of oppressed Europe fled across the English Channel to shake futile fists at the conquerors. Some stayed in their respective countries to face the music and do what they could for their stricken fatherlands on the spot.

We are not defending Darlan or his successors in North African politics. Frankly, we don't have enough facts to judge the situation. We don't think many other people have, either.

Nevertheless, the African affair caused a very real current of uneasiness among the people of the United States and Britain. The reason, we think, is that the people of the world are extremely anxious for their wishes to prevail when it comes time for the peace settlement. They don't want the postwar world to be set up by a few big shots sitting around a conference table making deals with each other. They want a world that is a people's world. They want to see all the flowery oratory on democracy, the four freedoms, etc., come to life in an actual, tangible, workable international arrangement which will endure for centuries.

If, as Roosevelt promises, the people of France choose their own government, and if this applies to other liberated countries and also to our defeated enemies, then the representatives of these governments can meet in a peace conference that at least will have a chance to produce a real "people's peace."

Paul Hunter

Liberty ... FOR ALL

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

BUCK of the MONTH for VICTORY

BY LAWTON WRIGHT

EVERY night in the small hours a truck stops at every antiaircraft battery and searchlight post in California's San Fernando Valley. As chilled soldiers converge from the darkness, hot coffee gushes from an urn; piles of doughnuts and open packages of cigarettes appear. All free, of course.

"Thank you for the hospetalatey you have shone us," wrote one member of a crack Negro antiaircraft outfit to the Burbank Junior Chamber of Commerce, which operates the truck on its fifty-mile circuit with volunteer crews. His letter was passed along to the workers in the factories he was guarding, because they had paid part of the bill.

It was paid through the Lockheed-Vega Employees' Buck of the Month for Victory Club. Voluntary payroll deductions of one dollar a month from scores of thousands of aircraft builders have piled up so fast that in the ten months of its existence the club has poured out $60,000 to Community War Chests; $34,351 to U. S. O.; $29,606 to American Red Cross; $15,000 to Army Emergency Relief; $12,000 to British, Chinese, and Dutch Relief societies; $10,000 to Navy Relief; $10,000 to the Salvation Army; and other war-connected contributions to the total of $196,961. A surplus of $40,000 is reserved against any local civilian disaster.

The club has spent $360 to bond its disbursing officers and one dollar for its checkbook. After a year it will pay for an audit. This is the total overhead, for nobody draws a salary or expenses.

Nobody has missed his dollar a month very much, and the Lockheed and Vega aircraft plants have escaped all the bother and lost production time inherent in charity drives. This can be done anywhere, and inquiries already received from shipyards, oil companies, public utilities, and other aircraft plants indicate that the plan will spread rapidly.

From these Bucks of the Month the soldiers guarding the plants get their coffee, doughnuts, and smokes. They also get free bus tickets. Soldiers, sailors, and marines almost anywhere on the seven seas can have a soft drink or sandwich on the Lockheed-Vega men and women via $7,500 in Canteen Credits.

Most of the Lockheed-Vega workers, like these, are Buck of the Month Club members.

An iron lung has appeared in a Burbank hospital. The armed forces get more free Gideon Bibles. Veterans of Foreign Wars received $1,150 on Poppy Day. The Travelers' Aid got a little boost to help handle newcomers in search of war-production jobs. Infantile paralysis found thousands of new dollars fighting against it.

Managements of Lockheed and Vega had nothing to do with the founding of this club, and have very little to do with its operation. The Gross brothers, presidents of the allied companies, have an advisory voice in the disbursement of funds, but no vote. They help to investigate charities which apply for donations; then employee and union representatives make the final decisions.

The club was hatched in a meeting of these representatives, who were trying to puzzle out a method of handling Red Cross, March of Dimes, and U. S. O. campaigns in overlapping sequence. Some one mentioned Stanford University's Buck of the Month Club, which grants scholarships to athletes, and the name was borrowed bodily. Lockheed attorneys incorporated the club under an agreement between the Lockheed Employees' recreation club, the Vega recreation club, and Aeronautical Lodge No. 727, International Association of Machinists, A. F. L. The unanimous votes of the presidents of both recreation clubs and the president of the union are necessary before any donation may be made from the funds.

With the machinery set up, the "drive to end drives" began. Buck of the Month membership cards were distributed with time-clock cards and collected by recreation club and union representatives. Within two weeks 70 per cent of the thousands of Lockheed and Vega men and women had joined up voluntarily for the duration.

The major "universal" charities presented a little problem at first, because the Lockheed-Vega workers live in some forty cities and towns in the Los Angeles metropolitan area; their Buck of the Month membership cards are proof against other solicitation at home or in the factories. Naturally, unless the Glendale and Long Beach Community War Chests received a few Bucks of the Month from the club, the Glendale and Long Beach chests would lose the support of some of their own citizens.

The problem was solved by distributing the Community Chest, Red Cross, and U. S. O. donations among all the communities concerned, prorated according to the number of club members who live in each. Every community received its share without the pains of collecting it, so the solution was a ten-strike.

THE END

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